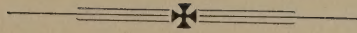


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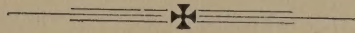
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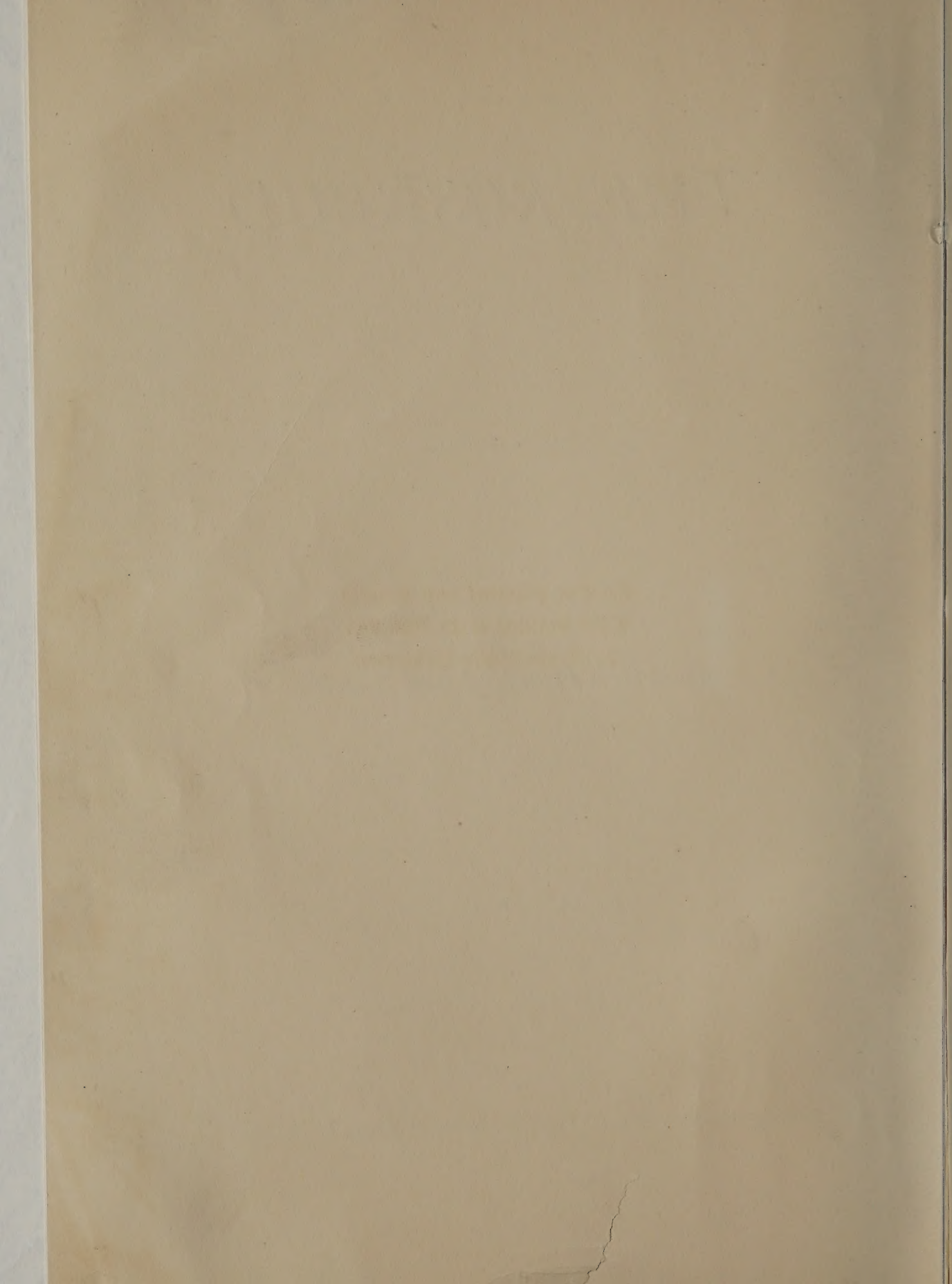
THE ROSEBUD



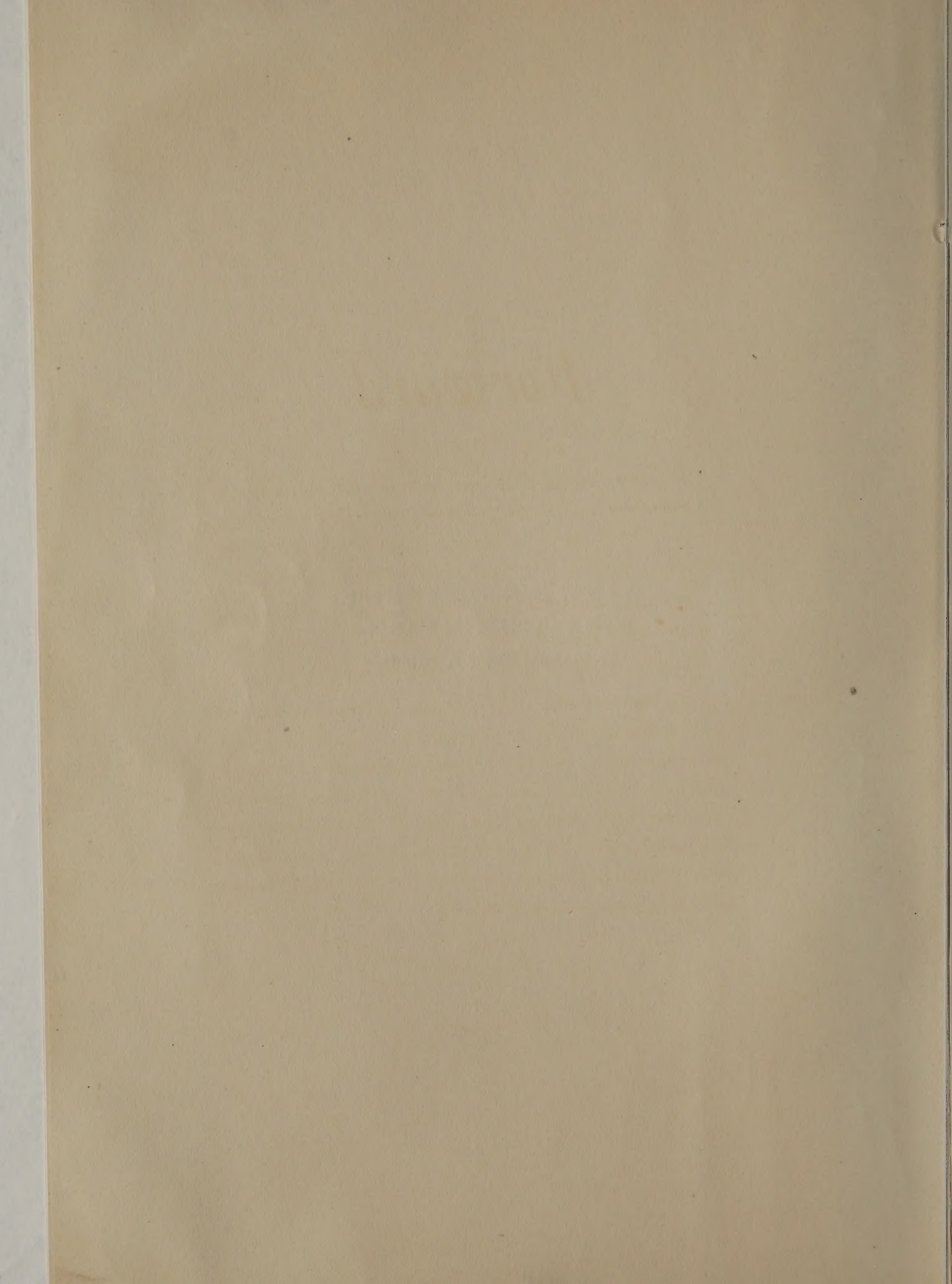
Nineteen Hundred and Twelve



Being the First Annual Published by the Waterloo High School



**To The Parents and Faculty
This Volume of the Rosebud
Is Respectfully Dedicated**



Forward

It is with a feeling of gladness and pride that we send forth this little volume. It is the first time that anything of this sort has been undertaken in the Waterloo High School, and we sincerely hope it will come up to your expectation.

We have spared no pains, time or money on this book, although work connected with it has been quite burdensome. Nevertheless we will consider it as difficulties surmounted.

We owe much to our fellow-students for their Literary and Art contributions found in this Annual; to the business men whose ads appear, for their financial support given us, which speaks well for their interest in the school; to our many subscribers, to Mr. Z. A. Willennar and to the rest of the Faculty, for their valuable aid. To all of these the members of the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred Twelve express their sincere thanks and warmest appreciation.—*The Editor*,

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Russell Matson	'12
Advertising	Fred Bowman	'12
Subscriptions	James Matson	'12
Alumni	Clifton Crooks	'12
Athletics	Lewis Fretz	'12
Zedaethean	Glen Overmyer	'12
Ciceronian	Charles Thomas	'12

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James Matson	'12
Harry Girardot	'13
Charles George	'14
Mabel Kiser	'15

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Clifton Crooks	'12
Virgil Treesh	'13
Glen Myers	'14
Maude Zonker	'15

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Fred Bowman	'12
Mildred Huffman	'13
Russell Wittmer	'14
Louise Willis	'15

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Arthur Smith	'15

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Hazel Daniels	'14
Lottie McGiffin	'15

SOCIETY.

Charles Thomas '.....	'12
Bernice Overmyer	'13
Pauline Hankey	'14
Marie Brown	'15



SENIOR CLASS POEM

I.

We started out in nineteen eight
Without minds set for text-book bait.
We kicked over the traces in nineteen nine
And found ourselves in the Sophomore clime.
We moved over some seats in nineteen ten
And found ourselves in the Junior pen.
Our reform was sudden from Junior conceit
When we found ourselves in the SENIOR seat.

II.

When we found ourselves in the Senior class
We looked in vain for a likely lass
To preside at our banquets, and look after us, too,
But she went and deserted us, what could we do?
Don't think for a moment that it dampened our ardor,
But we made the faculty think a little harder,
For the Juniors started something they thought all right;
Well, they soon found out that the stags could bite,

III.

Six-foot Rhoda held down the back seat,
And for scaring the Juniors he can't be beat;
He's an all-round goodfellow, not a better between deck,
And he's got a peach of a stand-in with the opposite sex.
Next in line Russell looms up in view,
For wit he has yet to meet his Waterloo.
He is Editor-in-Chief of the Annual, too,
And thanks from us to him are due.

IV.

Next in order is the light of our class;
Alas! he uses the light for a Freshmen lass.
Notwithstanding all this, we're proud of Torch, too,
Are we six Seniors of this old Waterloo.
Zeke, or Percy, is next in the list,
He's there with his tongue, as well as his fist.
He's a lawyer by birth, if we associate names,
So here's to what he is, and all that he claims.

V.

Next Charles comes in, with the backbone blest;
As he's scribbling these lines he'll skip all the rest.
Then Fat comes to have his say;
He is a good old scout, but he has his say;
Also we watch him, for we're afraid he'll skip
With a nice little girl on a honeymoon trip.
As a concluding remark to these eight lines,
Let us hope we may have returns of the good old times.

VI.

Jim lines up last of our wonderful bunch,
He's valedictorian because of his knowledge bumps;
He can absorb the lore of our text-books sure,
He is used for example for laggarts to cure.
Now we'll mention Moudy, Miss Dilla, Willennar and Rumpf,
They've been true to our class through all the "blue dumps;"
So here's to the Faculty that has shaped much of our natures,
We cherish their memories and wish well for their futures.

VII.

Though we've striven hard for the present goal,
There is a feeling of sadness in our soul;
Friendships are not made to be broken asunder,
And our present mood has caused us to wonder
Why we always looked forward to our Senior year;
Now we're here—we look back to the Freshmen year.
A broad field stretches away in the distance,
And the wiles of the world need training for resistance.

CHARLES THOMAS, 12.

SENIORS



FRED BOWMAN, PRESIDENT.

"He was a man, take him for all in all;
I shall not look upon his like again."

On the morning of Nov. 14, 1893, the residents of Waterloo awakened to the fact that there was a new citizen but lately come among them. "Rhoda" began by clamoring earnestly for his rights and has been a moving factor in Waterloo ever since. He is prominent in the militia, Waterloo Band, and Athletics, but is most at home in social circles. He is admired by all,—(Juniors in particular.) He has piloted his class over the shoals of the Senior year to a successful commencement.

Class Flower—Pink rose.

Colors—Maroon and Orange.

Motto—Onward is our aim. "Dig."

YELL.

1—2—3—4—5—6—7,

We are as the strength of 'leven;
We're a ripy, roarin', tearin' band,
Chuck full of grit and nerve and sand.
We maul the Juniors, cuff the Sophs,
Make the Freshmen think we're ancient Goths.
We rip, we tear, we do things, too.
Hurrah for the Seniors of Waterloo!



JAMES MATSON "Jim."

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

Feb. 1, '95.

From a farm, five and a half miles northeast of Waterloo, comes the youngest Senior boy. He is the Subscription Manager of the Rosebud, was President of the Ciceronian Society the first semester and has made himself generally useful in all school work. He also, so far as we know, has proven invulnerable to the attacks of Cupid. His specialty is unknown.



RUSSELL MATSON, "Mark Twain."

"Am I my brother's keeper."

April 25, '92.

Older brother and counselor to the above. One of the class poets, comedian, musician, Editor-in-Chief of Rosebud, Zedaethean President and general roust-about. Famous for his smiles. Has no particular aim in life, unless it be to go on and on and on.



CHARLES THOMAS, "Cat."

"There's many a slip,
"Twixt cup and lip."

Charley hails from Cornua, where he studied so hard that he was sent to Auburn and then to Angola, then to Waterloo, where he remained three years and finishes with the class of 1912. His cheerful smile and sunny disposition has won him many friends. His specialties are singing, parties and bookkeeping.



LEWIS FRETZ, "Torchy."

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might have
been."

Lewis hails from a farm, west of here. He spent three years in the Auburn High School and came to Waterloo for his last term. In this short time he has made many friends, and has been the subject of enough jokes to make up for all four years. His aim is to be a doctor. His specialty is along the same line.



GLEN OVERMYER, "Zeke."

Sept. 9, '93.

"His heart went pit-a-pat;
While her's went, pity Zeke."

Glen began his famous career in Culver, Ind., but the people soon drove him from there and after wandering all over Indiana, has located at Waterloo, where he has remained for four years. He is one of the leaders of the class and the Zedalethean Society. His specialty is breaking hearts. His favorite expression is "This is no place for a minister's son."



CLIFTON CROOKS, "Fat."

"I am Sir Oracle, when I ope my lips
Let no dog bark."

Clifton began his noisy existence on a farm, near Waterloo, by whistling "Hear the merry farmer boy." Since growing up he has taken to blowing horns, instead of whistling. His one aim in life is to remain a bachelor, and, although Cupid has tried many times to wound him, but as yet he has proven invulnerable. His specialty is English.



LINES DEDICATED TO W. H. S.

Your ancient pile of brick and stone
Means more to us than the learned tone
Of lessons learned within thy zone.
We cannot part without a pang
Of pain that jars like a jarring clang.
The feeling is deep and its rooted to stay
Till our bodies are changed to useless clay.
Association has made you dear to us all,
Memories that are dear we often recall;
May your fullness live on and never fall

CHAS. THOMAS.

School Board



Dr. J. E. Showalter, Secretary



G. W. Crooks, President



D. L. Leas, Treasurer

THE FACULTY



A. L. MOUDY, Superintendent
B. S. Tri State 1911

HIGH SCHOOL



H. F. Rumpf, Principal, B. A. DePauw 1905



Z. A. Willennar, B. S. Tri State 1909



G. P. Dilla, B. A. Ann Arbor 1911



Anna P. Snader, Music and Drawing
Blue Ridge College, Md.

GRADES



Miss Bertha Bemenderfer
6th and 7th Grades



Miss Etta Wittmer
5th and 6th Grades



Miss Bess Showalter
Primary

Mrs. Cora Stanley
2d and 3d Grades



Mrs. Bertha Knott
3d and 4th Grades

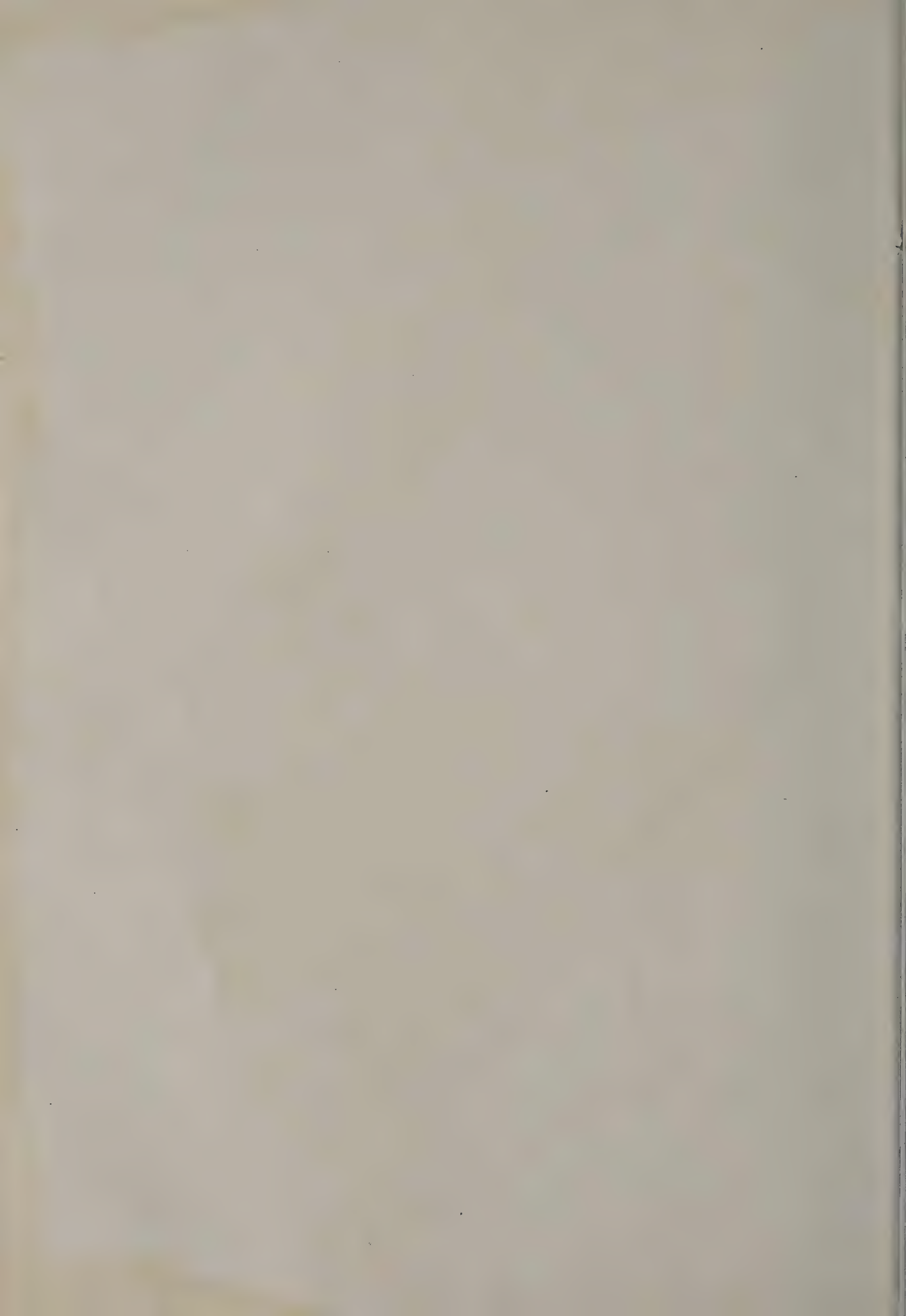




IRA W. TILL, *Janitor.*

See!
That's the Janitor,
No other, no one else!
Building fires to keep us warm;
Ringing bells at noon and morn;
A good man,
And a helper
All around.
Ira Till,
Look at him;
Quite good natured when his task's begun,
Better yet when the work is done.
While his work's with broom and pan,
He is also quite a baseball fan.

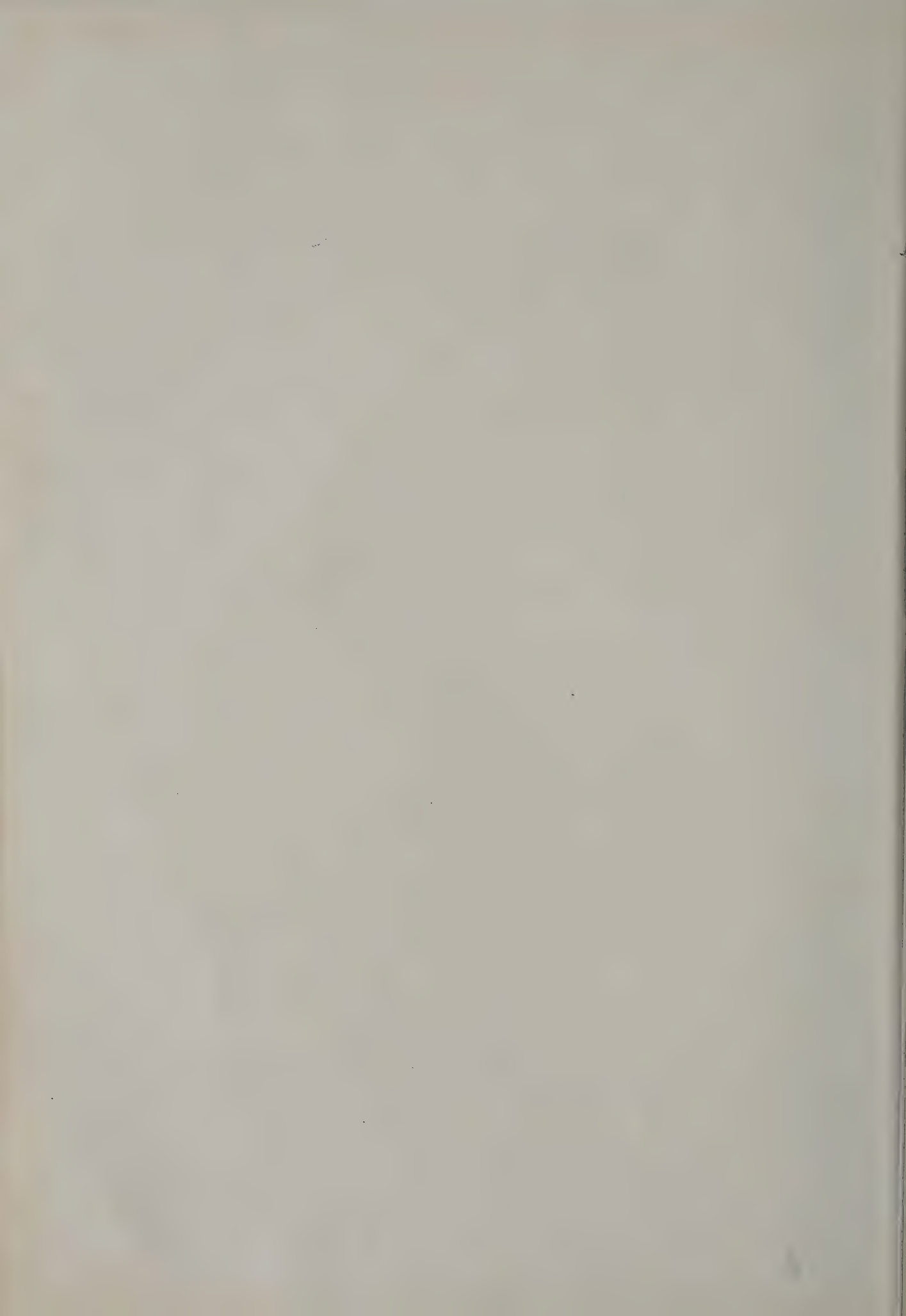
—*Editor.*





The Junior Class

From left to right. Back row—Edward Hankey, Vera Crooks, Herman DePew, Harley Rohm, Audrey Vogtman, Marion Ingersoll, Martha McEntarfer, Mildred Huffman. Middle row—Madge Rose, Ralph Reinhart, Ralph Fickes, Hilda Sewell, Virgil Treesh, Lester Rempis, Bernice Becker. Front Row—Dale McIntosh, Ruby Booth, Harry Girardot, Cleo Burns, Troden Bookmiller, Bernice Oyermyer.





JUNIORS

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS.

President	Harry T. Girardot
Vice President	Cleo Burns
Secretary-Treasurer	Hilda Sewall
Sergeant	Marion Ingersol
Class Poet	Cleo Burns

JUNIOR CLASS YELL.

Ra Re Ri Ro
 Ring Ching Chang;
 Juniors! Juniors!
 Zip! Boom! Bang!

COLORS.

Purple and Lavendar.

FLOWERS.

Boys, White Roses.
 Girls, Red Roses.

CLASS MOTTO.

"We Have Finished To Begin."

CLASS ROLL.

Harry Girardot.

Cleo Burns.	Ralph Fickes.
Bernice Overmyer.	Lester Rempis.
Martha McEntarfer.	Herman DePew.
Hilda Sewell.	Ralph Reinhart.
Mildred Huffman.	Edward Hankey.
Vera Crooks.	Harley Rohm.
Madge Rose.	Marion Ingersol.
Bernice Becker.	Troden Bookmiller.
Ruby Booth.	Dale McIntosh.
Audrey Vogtman.	Virgil Treesh.

Junior Class History

In the fall of '09 twenty-five frightened Freshmen gathered in the assembly room of the Waterloo High School. At the first of the term a few of us grew discouraged and withdrew, but twenty-one have proven themselves to be worthy of the name of Juniors, and we hope next year to have the distinction of being the largest class that has ever graduated from the W. H. S.

During our first year the most of our time was taken up with X's and Ys, Latin constructions, the unspeakable names of Ancient History and the thoughts of our great writers. Our class organized at the first of the term with Herman Depew as President and Audrey Vogtman as Secretary; and several months later we were the possessors of a new banner, which was envied by all the upper classmen. In the Sophomore year all of our members returned but two, and three joined us, making our total number twenty-one. This term we were busy with the translations of Caesar, Modern and Mediaeval History, propositions of Geometry, and Literature. No event of special interest took place during the year. At the beginning of the Junior year all the members of the class returned, and although the studies were very difficult, all are proving themselves capable of mastering them. The officers for this year are Harry Girardot, President, and Hilda Sewell, Secretary. The class spirit ran very high this term.

We have earned our name, but we carry heavy hearts when we realize that one more year will bring us to the end of our goal, but before us rises our motto: "We have finished to begin."

Junior Class Song

Tune—Bluebells.

Come, all ye Juniors noble,
All jolly classmates dear;
Let's send up one good cheer;
For this, our Alma Mater,
We'll make the ceilings ring,
And now before we leave here,
This song we gladly sing—

Chorus.

Sing with that spirit that within us lies,
Sing for our class, girls, our nineteen-thirteen;
Throw up your caps, boys, 'tis no time for sighs,
Loyal forever to old nineteen-thirteen.

Soon shall we be completing
Our happy lot cast here,
And at our glad last meeting,
Depart from friends so dear.
But as we wait the measure
Of fame that time may bring,
Our hearts o'erflow with pleasure,
So join with us and sing—

Chorus.

Sing with that spirit that within us lies,
Sing for our class, girls, our nineteen-thirteen;
Throw up your caps, boys, 'tis no time for sighs,
Loyal forever to old nineteen-thirteen.

RALPH REINHART, '13.

Junior Class Poem

Most wonderful class our school has seen
Is the grand old class of nineteen-thirteen.
Although we've striven with all the rest,
They all acknowledge we're the best.

The Seniors thought we could not survive,
But still we all did live and thrive;
And our old class of eleven and ten
Is now the greatest there ever has been.

Peaceful and pleasant has passed the time
Since first we entered in nineteen-nine.
These three long years we've stood the test
And always have tried to do our best.

Our teachers e'er were kind and wise,
Aiding and urging us on to rise;
Yet another year and we'll reach the shore
With a record greater than any before.

Our Junior sun soon will have set,
Then we'll be Seniors, yes, you bet.
But when our Senior year doth dawn,
We'll remember the Junior year that's gone.

CLEO BURNS, '13.



The Sophomore Class

From left to right. Back row—Kenneth Bevier, Edna Marsh, William Day, Hazel Daniels, Russell Wittmer, Pauline Hankey, Russell Blanchard, Dora McCullough. Middle row—Russell Shoemaker, Marie Barr, Olga Fisk, Gould Stanley, Lynn Reed, Emerson Walker, Charles George, Veda Browns, Lester Dull. Front Row—Janet Beard, Inez Chapman, Glen Meyers, Maude Luttman, Vida McGiffin.



SOPHOMORES

President	Glen Myers
Secretary	Gould Stanley
Treasurer	Charles George
Class Poet	Lynn Reed
Reporter	Emerson Walker

MOTTO.

"Honors Wait at Labor's Gate."

FLOWER.

Sweet Peas.

COLORS.

Steel Gray and Garnet.

YELL.

Rickety, rickety, rickety, reen,
We're the class of old fourteen.
Zis boom! Zis boom! Zis boom!
Bah!
Sophomores! Sophomores!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

CLASS ROLL.

Marie Barr.	Kenneth Bevier.
Janet Beard.	Russell Blanchard.
Veda Browns.	William Day.
Inez Chapman.	Lester Dull.
Hazel Daniels.	Charles George.
Olga Fisk.	Glen Myers.
Pauline Hankey.	Lynn Reed.
Maude Luttman.	Gould Stanley.
Dora McCullough.	Russell Shoemaker.
Vida McGiffin.	Emerson Walker.
Edna Marsh.	Russell Wittmer.

Sophomore Class History

We, the members of the Sophomore class, started in the Freshman year with thirty-two enrolled. Sixteen of these were graduates of the Grammar department of the Waterloo schools. Four were from Corunna, and the remainder were from the country. These made up the largest class that was ever enrolled in the Waterloo High School.

Starting in the Freshman year, we became accustomed to the program of some new studies, different than those we had in the grades; these being Latin, Ancient History, English and Algebra. Our teachers were Mr. Moudy, Mr. Rumpf, and Mr. Willennar. We also took Music under Mr. Charles Reed, and Drawing under Mrs. Fairfield, of Angola. We started in as a jolly bunch with this vast, unbroken number. But it was not long to last, for soon after school commenced, Russell Bowman left the class to join the U. S. Navy. Shortly after that Roy Stahl, growing tired of Latin, also deserted us. Before the year had passed six more of our number had left us, i. e., Winnie Knisely, Carl Knisely, Walter Dawson, Paul Getts, Wayne Leas, and Lester Dull. The class now retained that number of twenty-three until the end of the year. All passed except ten, who had to take first year Latin over.

In the Sophomore year the class started in with twenty-three. Lester joined the class again. In the Sophomore year we studied English, Latin, Algebra, and Agriculture. Some months before school was out, Russell Shoemaker and Clarence Mills quit school, leaving only twenty-one in the class. The class in general is most always good, never bad, but sometimes indifferent.

CHARLES GEORGE.

Sophomore Class Poem

"Sophomores—foolish," you often hear
Ascending from Juniors so great;
It's the same thing over from year to year,
But they never think of their fate.

Of all four classes we sure must succeed,
While the Seniors must surely fall;
For of pretty girls they stand in great need,
For they haven't got any at all.

So do not look in great wonder
If you would see us make a great stride,
For we have ten boys for our honor
And eleven nice girls to our pride.

When teachers are in a weary mind,
They come to us to teach;
For they soon become happy and sure will find
Each one of us within their reach.

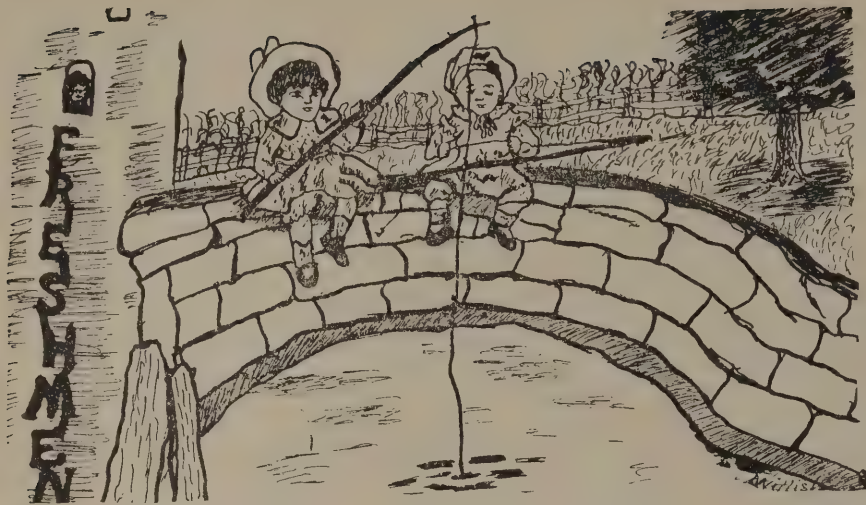
Upon gloomy mornings, when all things seem sad,
Things sure must soon get right gay;
For some of us Sophomores always are glad
Through every long hour of the day.

In all the school work that to us has been 'signed,
We sure just make things git;
For everything right we always must find,
And we never let one lesson slip.

In lieterary work we stand at the top,
Our music has not been surpassed;
And when extra is being worked up,
They just call upon the Sophomore class.

Yes, we are the class of old fourteen,
So studions (it's always the rule);
And a brighter class has never been seen
In the history of the Waterloo School.

CHARLES GEORGE, '14.



FRESHMEN CLASS OFFICERS.

PresidentJoe Overmyer
 Vice PresidentLouise Willis
 SecretaryMaude Zonker
 TreasurerEthel Girardot
 Sergeant-at-ArmsVirgin Johnson
 Class HistorianHelen Buck

FRESHMEN CLASS YELL.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Sis! Boom! Bah!
 Who in the world do you think we are?
 Are we in it? Well I guess!
 Waterloo Freshmen,
 Yes! Yes! Yes!

Class Motto—No reward without effort.
 Class Colors—Nile Green and White.
 Class Flower—Purple Violets.

CLASS ROLL.

Arthur Smith.	Helen Goodwin.
Louise Willis.	Ethel Girardot.
Elmer Fretz.	Enid Feagler.
Helen Buck.	A. J. Moore.
Mabelle Bevier.	Joe Overmyer.
Marie Brown.	Carroll Gushwa.
Maude Zonker.	Vera Dilgard.
Mabel Kiser.	Helen Rohm.
Lotta McGiffin.	Simon Kohl.
Virgil Johnson.	Edith Widdecombe.
Verna Fiske.	



The Freshman Class

From left to right. Back row—Marie Brown, Vera Dilgard, Mabelle Bevier, Virgil Johnson, Elmer Fretz, Helen Buck, Carroll Gushwa. Middle row—Helen Goodwin, Enid Feagler, Arthur Smith, Maude Zonker, Ethel Girardot, Louise Willis, A. J. Moore, Lotta McGiffin. Front row—Simon Kohl, Mabel Kiser, Joe Overmyer, Helen Rohm, Verna Fiske.

Freshmen Class History

We can say that our class has grown to its present strength mostly by foreign pupils. Formerly there were only twelve in our ranks, but when we came to be eighth graders our numbers were increased by the arrival of one new student.

When Freshmen dignity was reached, two of our girls withdrew from our class, but was made up by the arrival of nine new students. Thus, we entered High School with twenty members.

We have mounted the ninth round of the educational ladder and by faithfully trying to live up to our motto, "No reward without effort," we sincerely hope that the future will reward us.

Freshmen Class Song

Tune—*Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!*

In the school room here we sit,
Thinking of our lessons, too,
For the bright and happy future we shall see;
And our hearts are filled with joy,
For we're to our High School true,
And obedient to the faculty we'll be.

Chorus.

Hail! Oh Hail! ye happy Freshmen,
Cheer up, comrades, we will win.
And beneath our banner fair,
We shall to our High School bear,
All the honor that we owe to her and more.

Through the grades we worked our way,
To our place as Freshmen now,
And we're sure we'll do the other years too.
But before we reach the end,
We must many lessons learn,
And earn the praise of teachers fond and true.

Chorus.

So within our school-room here,
We are working now you see,
For the honors of our graduating day.
And we almost shout for joy,
For a happy class are we,
As we think of being home with "ma" once more.

Chorus.

—HELEN B. GOODWIN, '15.

Freshmen Class Poem

We entered the High School in the fall,
Twenty in number, at the old bell's call;
Our thoughts soared high—e'en up to heaven,
That bright September morn of nineteen eleven.

Fearing much as we entered the door,
To meet and tackle the wonderful lore,
Lest Latin and all were beyond our reach,
With five instructors to assign and teach.

It was not long till we felt at home;
And through the halls we all did roam,
Seeking recitation rooms, library and basement,
Up and down the flights of stairs we went.

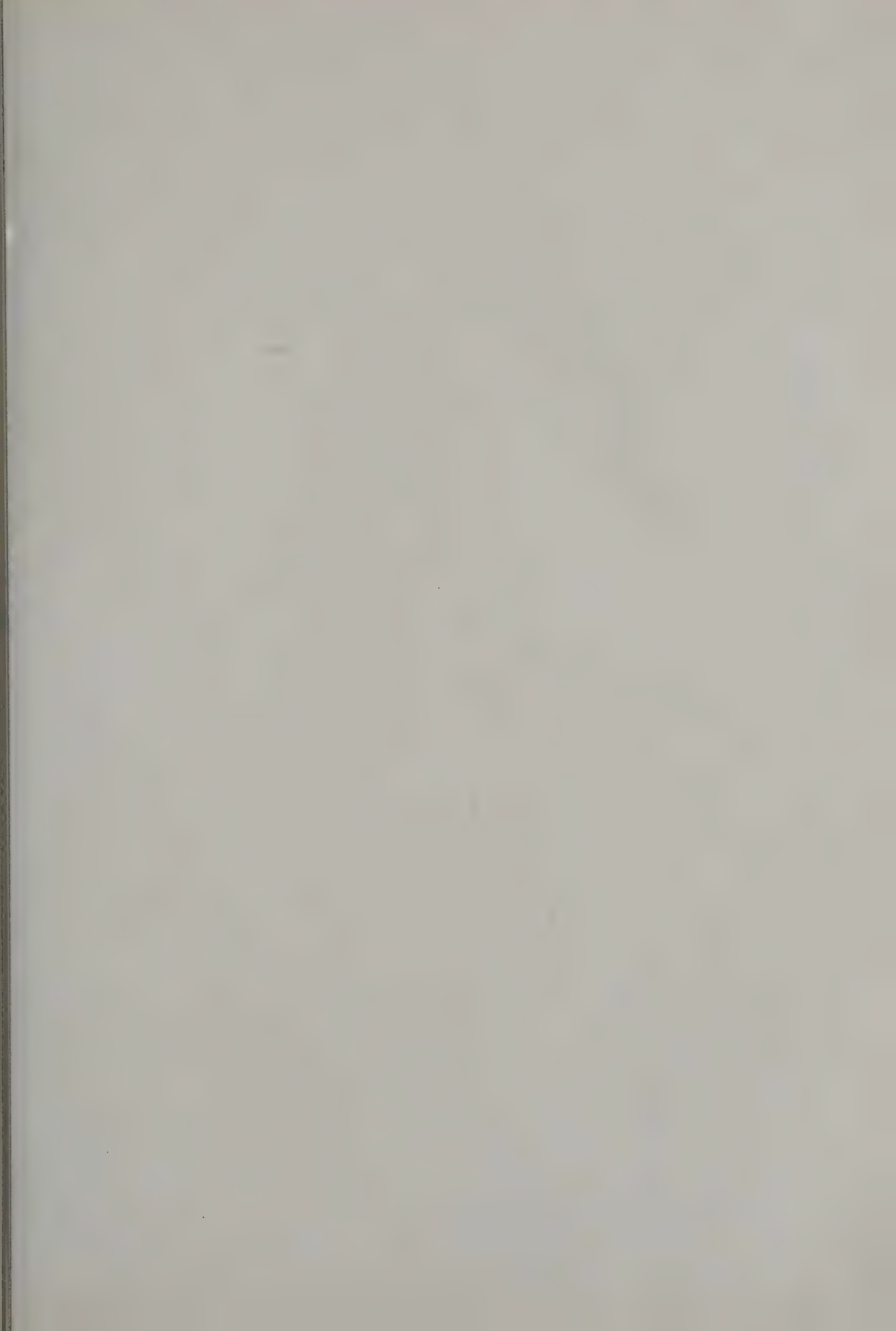
For our motto stood out in a way very clear,
"No Reward Without Effort," was sure to appear;
And we were to be numbered in literary fame,
If we only could win for ourselves a name.

The Juniors and Seniors looked at us with pride,
And sighed to think they'd so soon leave our side.
The Sophomores stared with jealous eyes;
They'd met their equals, and met them with surprise.

The year is 'most ended, vacation is near,
Our struggles have counted, and knowledge bought dear;
There's been much to learn besides book-rules and numbers,
Receptions were fine, though took time from our slumbers.

But we'll win in the end, and with honors, too;
It doesn't pay to shirk, but to will and then do.
Our banner hangs high, with colors Green and White;
May it stand to us for the brave and the right.

LOUISE WILLIS.





The Eighth Grade Class

From left to right. Back row—Charles Smith, Edna Blanchard, Russell Robinson, Thracie Latson, Joe Bowman, Lynn Imhoff, Katie Lower. Middle row—Clara Colchin, Roy Rohm, Amy Rohm, Harry Rude, Gladys Beard, Fred Eberly, Alice McIntosh. Front row—Charles Colby, Maude Shoemaker, Vera Newcomer, Lisle McEntarfer.



THE EIGHTH GRADE

Eighth Grade Class History

When we look back over the eight years of our school life we can see the efforts that the teachers of different grades have taken in helping us to reach this grade.

Only ten now remain in the class that started in the primary room, eight years ago.

There have been seven who joined us in different rooms, and there have also been six who have left our ranks this year. Three of these are going to other schools.

The class from the primary room until the fourth grade remained the same in number. Here we were joined by Vera Newcomer, Lula Kennedy and Harry Rude. The class then remained the same until we had reached the sixth grade. Here five fell behind our class. At the seventh grade we were joined by Clara Colchin and at the eighth grade by Katie Lower and Charles Colby.

As a class, we have endeavored to do the best we could and all hope to enter the Freshman class next year with a determination to go through High School.

GLADYS BEARD.

CLASS ROLL.

Vera Newcomer, President.	Katie Lower.
Maude Shoemaker, Secretary.	Clara Colchin.
Harry Rude, Treasurer.	Lisle McEntarfer.
Charles Colby, Seargeant-at-Arms.	Joe Bowman.
Fred Eberly, Class Poet.	Lynn Imhoff.
Gladys Beard, Class Historian.	Charles Smith.
Alice McIntosh.	Russell Robinson.
Edna Blanchard.	Roy Rohm.
Amy Rohm,	

Course of Study

FRESHMAN	SOPHOMORE	JUNIOR	SENIOR
English	English	American Literature	English Literature
Latin	Cæsar	Cicero	Virgil
Algebra	Algebra $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. Geometry $\frac{1}{2}$ yr.	Geometry	Physics
Zoology or Botany	Ancient History	Mediaeval and Modern History	U. S. History $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. Civil Govern't $\frac{1}{2}$ yr.
* Agricultural Botany	* Farm Crops and Horticulture	* Animal Husbandry and Dairying	* Physical Geog'y or Geology
Music one period per week	Music one period each week	Music one period per week	Music one period per week
Drawing one period per week	Drawing one period per week	Water Color elective	Pastel elective

Mechanical Drawing may be substituted for the other work in Drawing and Art.

* This course may be substituted for Foreign Language if pupil is not preparing for college.

VALUE OF SUBJECTS TAUGHT IN HIGH SCHOOL.

ENGLISH.

The English language is a tool which every American boy and girl must learn to handle easily and well if he is to be a success in the useful occupations of life; for this reason, four years of time and attention is given to the subjects which help him to use his mother tongue in an effective way.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

English composition aim to increase the student's vocabulary, to make him more careful in ordinary conversation, and to enable him to express his thoughts in written composition correctly, clearly, and with some degree of beauty.

Correct punctuation is insisted upon till this becomes a habit.

RHETORIC.

The study of Rhetoric is a practical one for every student. In whatever line of work he may be interested after he leaves school, he will be expected to speak and write correctly, and much of his success as a business and professional man will depend on his ability in this respect. Rhetoric aims to teach a student to be correct in speaking and writing, to say what he means briefly and easily, and to express himself in a way which cannot be misunderstood.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The aim in our study of the history of American Literature is to acquaint the pupil with the lives of our great men and their works. We bring out the

relation between the work of the author and the history of his time so that the student may understand that history may be read through literature and that a man's writing depends largely upon the conditions in the country. We read in the class room those parts of the writings of each great author which will be most apt to influence the student to choose good reading matter for himself when he leaves school.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The object of this study is to introduce the pupil to the great men of English Literature. An intimate acquaintance with them and their work is neither practical nor, perhaps, desirable at this stage of progress. Nowadays, however, the young person who has not a general knowledge of the development of our language and literature, a certain degree of familiarity with the greatest literary men, is badly handicapped. It is hoped that a large proportion of the pupils will be sufficiently interested to continue reading and studying, either by themselves or in college.

Throughout the entire course, besides the classics read in the class room, the student makes outlines and writes essays with more or less supplementary reading. Book reports are required from several books obtained in the library and read at home. Much time is spent in recitation, telling chapter by chapter the story of the book which the class is studying. This is excellent practice, causing the student to think quickly and express his thoughts in the best English, also gives him greater self-possession and reliance.

The most important result is the knowledge gained of English writers and their works, enabling them to select with judgment the reading which will make so large a part of the quiet pleasures of active life.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

The beginning of civilization in the Orient and its development in Greece and Rome are studied. Particular attention is paid to the origin of the institutions which form the basis of modern nations. The daily life as shown in manners and customs receives considerable attention.

MEDIAEVAL AND MODERN HISTORY.

This year of history work aims to show the gradual formation and growth of the great nations which occupy the stage of history today. A large proportion of time is spent in teaching the events of the 19th Century which have brought about the present condition in the world at large.

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

No study is more important than the history of our own country. Special attention is given to the constitutional development of our nation, its industrial growth and territorial expansion.

CIVICS.

In this study the aim is to prepare the young people to do their civic duties well in later life. They must have some definite knowledge of their rights. They must be familiar with some underlying principles so that they may do clear and independent thinking on new questions. They must know the facts concerning the division of governmental powers, and the duties of officials, and appreciate the relation that exists between our government and everyday welfare.

Hence the work is made as practical as possible. Attention is given to the progress of other countries in matters of government. Above all, a large place is given to class discussions of live questions, growing out of the text, or suggested by current history.

MATHEMATICS.

Every subject in the High School has its place in the curriculum because of definite ways in which it helps each pupil. Perhaps the greatest value derived from the study of mathematics lies in the training it gives to the pupils to think things out for themselves.

ALGEBRA.

A year and a half is given to the subject of Algebra, the course being arranged for the first year and the first half of the second year. It is the aim to make the work as practical as possible. The elementary processes are constantly applied in solving concrete examples from different studies, notably physics, and they are thus made of real interest to the student. In this connection he learns how the natural laws are worked out by mathematical formulae. The relation that every straight line or curve bears to an equation is shown by means of a graph. The study of Algebra cultivates the habit of clear thinking and trains the pupil to express himself accurately and exactly. It is one of the best studies to assist a pupil "to think straight." This habit once acquired will follow a pupil into all his lines of work. As Algebra is the basis of all future studies in mathematics, especial emphasis is laid upon its study for all students who expect to pursue a scientific course in which mathematical computations are involved.

GEOMETRY.

Geometry is taught during the latter half of the second year, and all of the third year. Here, too, the aim is to make the work practical. Its value is readily recognized in drawing, land measuring, pattern making, and carpenter work. Definite propositions are given which are to a great extent demonstrated. Then based upon these propositions, a large number of exercises are given to the pupils, which they must work out for themselves. The solution of these exercises is what causes the pupil to think, to be exact in the use of his words, to be logical and able to reason to a definite conclusion. He is obliged to use his imagination and to see definite figures projected into space and in this way a development is brought about that is not secured by the study of any other subject.

LATIN.

In answer to the question, "Why should Latin be studied?" Prof. Lord, of Dartmouth College, said recently: "The fundamental reason for the study of Latin is not to open a literature, not to impart information, not to develop culture as distinguished from power, not to furnish helps to an educated mind. The fundamental reason for its study is that it is a subject pre-eminently fitted to further the great end of all education; the development of the power of exact thinking. The man who can think exactly is the man of power."

All industrial schools recognize this fact and advise that those who enter into their ranks have some knowledge of Latin.

Those who expect to teach should give some time to this study, for through it they get a more thorough understanding of English grammar, and the study

of words and their derivation is helpful in all English work.

From the first the student must give his best attention to the subject with which he is working, keep many things in his mind at once, noticing each letter, and discriminate in the use of words as he translates.

In this course one reads the most remarkable military history ever written, becomes acquainted with one of the world's greatest orators, becomes familiar with the daily life and customs of the Roman people.

The beauty of its figures, the variety of expression, the mythology which it suggests and the purposes for which it is written, make the study of Virgil delightful.

From this course one receives not only knowledge and pleasure, but, quoting from Prof. Lord again: "A mind that has been trained to observe, to compare and to judge, that is, to think exactly, is better fitted to do any work than one that has knowledge without training. It is practically trained in the best way, is better fitted to earn its bread and butter, to tackle and solve the problems of daily life, and in current phrase, to become efficient."

COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC.

The work in the Commercial Arithmetic covers one-half year. This year it was given in the first semester of the Senior year. The object of the course is to furnish a review of the fundamental and practical parts of Arithmetic, preparing the student to meet the conditions of ordinary business.

Considerable attention is paid to drill in rapid addition, subtraction, multiplication, division and fractions throughout the semester, while the main work is in percentage, discount, interest, insurance, notes, bonds, stocks and practical measurements.

BOOKKEEPING.

The Bookkeeping work follows the Arithmetic, being given in the second semester. We do not aim to turn out expert accountants, but the course gives a thorough knowledge of the fundamentals which will enable our graduates to go into an ordinary store or business and take complete charge of the books.

The books used in the work are: Day Book, Journal, Ledger, Cash Book, Sales Book; invoices are filed, bills made out, notes, drafts and all actual business papers.

The work is practical, with just enough theory and questions to make it clear to the student. The Bliss System is used.

PHYSICS.

The course of instruction in Physics includes a study of the text-book for the purpose of getting a connected and comprehensive view of the subject; demonstrations in the class room to illustrate the facts and phenomena of the science and their practical applications, and individual laboratory exercises to supplement the demonstrations and recitations in order to develop in the student scientific methods of observation and thinking.

The school is well equipped with apparatus for class room demonstrations and laboratory experiments. Among the important pieces are an imported balance (sensitive to one-tenth mg.), air pumps, Wimhurst electrical machine (20-in. hard rubber plates), X-ray tube and fluroscope, and numerous other pieces of apparatus.

About twenty-five experiments relating to measurements, forces, pressure, heat, motion, energy, magnetism, electricity, sound and light, are required to be made by the pupil. A careful record of each experiment, consisting of data, computations and answers to questions is kept in a neat form in a special laboratory note book.

AGRICULTURE.

While it is not in the province of the public schools, as at present organized, to teach the trades, it is their privilege and their duty to put the boys and girls in intelligent touch with the life about them and to use all of the means at hand in the process of education.

Much has been said about the tendency among boys to leave the farm for the town, and many attempts at explanation have been made. While it is perfectly proper for the boy to leave his father's farm and seek his fortune in a crowded city, sometimes he goes with the mistaken notion that he could substitute wit for work in life's contest, or because of the lack of appreciation of the dignity of labor. Sometimes, also, he has gone because he has failed to see his opportunities on the farm. There is a belief that something better is to be found, and so there is a lack of respect for the calling of the father. Furthermore, there is a lack of respect of manual labor and a belief that education can make it possible to live without work. As most of the boys and girls will be compelled to work with their hands, they should be taught early that labor is honorable and that idleness is disgraceful.

The dominant industry of the country is Agriculture! In the teaching of it we can create a respect for it and at the same time show its possibilities. It can be shown that brain and muscle can accomplish just as much on the farm as in the city and that the chances for success are greater. It may not be in the province of the public school to teach any trade or industry as such, but it is the province of the school to teach the boys and girls how to work and to put them in the path of honest living. This is the purpose in making Agriculture one of the studies in the Waterloo school this year. Below is the course followed:

I SOILS.—Origin, make up, physical properties, drainage, cultivation, fertilizing, etc.

II FARM CROPS.—Classification, corn, wheat, other cereals, roots, tubers, forage crops, seed selection, rotations, etc.

III HORTICULTURE.—Propagation of fruits, tillage, caring for the orchard, other fruits, insects (injurious and beneficial), plant diseases and their treatment.

IV ANIMAL HUSBANDRY.—Farm animals, horses, cattle, sheep, swine, the breeding of live stock, the feed of animals, balanced rations and feeding standards, etc.

V DAIRYING.—Qualities of milk, butter making, testing milk, milk products, etc.

VI POULTRY, Bees and numerous other things that come in with farm life.

Boys and girls in Waterloo High School have been given an opportunity to take this excellent course.

MANUAL TRAINING.

The Manual Training is restricted to boys in the eighth grade and the first and second years of the High School. New students are taught the names and use of tools. After a fair degree of skill has been acquired they are encouraged to make various small articles, such as game boards, blue print frames, match boxes. These are followed by more complicated problems, such as sleds, camp stools, mirrors and tables. The work begins with the principles of elementary carpentry, neatness and accuracy being insisted upon. This work is followed by advanced work in joinery and last by work in cabinet making.

Eighth grade and Freshmen girls are given sewing work, both plain and fancy.

THE LIBRARY

The Waterloo High School Library consists of five hundred fifty volumes, four hundred thirty volumes for reference and one hundred twenty of fiction. It is both circulating and reference, and volumes are added each year. It is classified according to the Dewey Decimal System, and provided with an accurate shelf-list, which serves as a card catalogue. Seven periodicals are received and filed by the Library, viz., the Century Magazine, Current Literature, the Scientific American, Bird Lore, St. Nicholas, Our Dumb Animals, and the Youth's Companion. This Library is recognized by the Public Library Commission of Indiana, which sends the Librarian the monthly A. L. A. Book List, the Library Occurrent, and other publications. The assistant state organizer, Miss Ora Williams, inspected this Library last December and approved of its organization and management.

GERALDINE PRINCESS DILLA, Librarian, 1911-1912.



MUSIC AND ART

The standards of classic quality in Music and Art are the same. There is music which merely pleases the ear without enobling results, just as there are pictures which have no higher aim than to please the eye. Then there are also pictures as well as music which teach us self-denial and lofty purpose, which stir the heart and excite the noble passions. Music is also a rest for the weary and even the tired body. It softens the heart and stirs the soul. This is the kind of art and music which every school child, from the Primary to the High School, should be taught to appreciate. It is the aim of the Waterloo schools to teach her students to appreciate as well as love this realm of art and music.

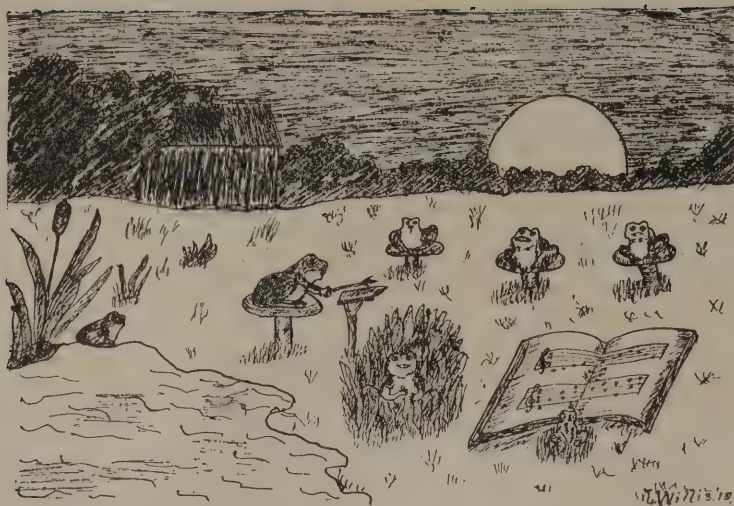
The first work in the Freshman and Sophomore years is pen and ink from still life groups and later from copies. During the spring term water color work is taken up. The students are first taught to study flowers, their lights, shadows, colors and shades.

In the Junior year water color painting is studied more extensively. The students work from copies of landscape, flowers, and fruit. This lays a firm foundation for the pastel painting in the Senior year. The students have found this work especially interesting and many fine paintings have been made in the past year.

During the last weeks of each school year there is an exhibition of all art work done by the students during that year, held in the High School building, to which the public is invited. This enables the patrons and outside public to see for themselves the art work done by the pupils.

The Music in the High School is purely chorus work of the highest quality. Music is selected of the best classical standard, which rests and enobles the minds of the young people, and teaches them to love only the best.

ANNA P. SNADER.
MUSIC AND ART.



OUR MUSICIANS

SOLOISTS.

Bernice Overmyer.
Inez Chapman.
Glen Myers.
Pauline Hankey.
Veda Browns.

PIANISTS.

Lynn Reed.
Louise Willis.
Martha McEntarfer.
Helen Goodwin.
Verna Fiske.
Mabel Kiser.
Mildred Huffman.

MANDOLINISTS.

Glen Myers.
Arthur Smith.
Emerson Walker.
Russell Blanchard.

ZEDALETHEAN OCTETTE.

Pauline Hankey.
Ruby Booth.
Inez Chapman.
Veda Browns.
Glen Myers.
Lynn Reed.
Glen Overmyer.
Charles George.

CICERONIAN QUARTETTE.

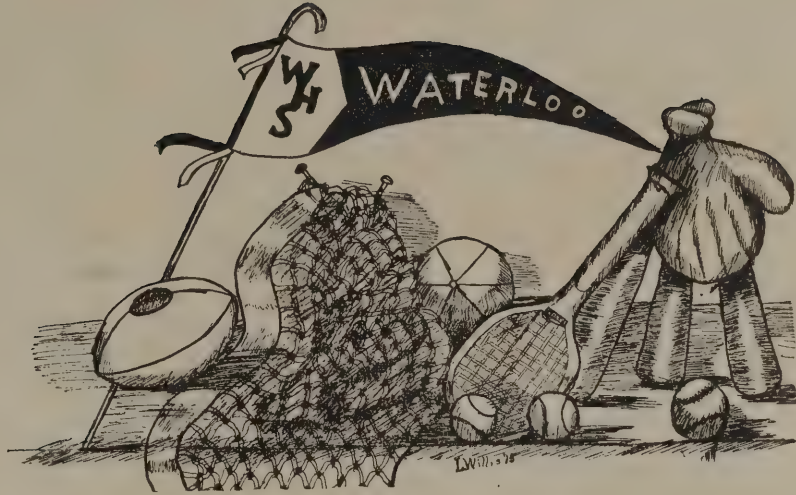
Bernice Overmyer.
Mabel Kiser.
Fred Bowman.
Mr. Rumpf.

VIOLINIST.

Edward Hankey.

The choruses: Gloria, Soldier Chorus, Bridal Chorus, and Fairyland Waltz have been worked by the school as a whole.

On Dec. 17, at the Methodist Church, a musical was given by the students, which showed that the musical talent of our school is classed with the best in the state.



ATHLETICS.

This year Athletic games have been within the school itself and not with other schools. In the opinions of many this is the better plan, as more students will receive benefit of the exercises than would if all energies were spent on one picked team. The work consists of Basket-ball, Baseball, Tennis and Evening Walks.

Basket-ball grounds were arranged in the fall and many exciting games were played by different classes and the two societies. We were unable to secure a room for indoor playing, so when the cyclone came along on Nov. 11, taking the basket-ball goals with it, the games ceased for the time being.

This has been an off-year for baseball as the spring opening up so late we were unable to get the grounds in shape.

Evening walks were taken throughout the year by parties of various sizes, from two up, some under the supervision of the Faculty, and some otherwise.





LITERARY SOCIETIES

CICERONIAN OFFICERS.

Colors, Maroon and Gold.

FIRST SEMESTER.

President James Matson
Secretary Bernice Becker

SECOND SEMESTER.

President Herman DePew
Secretary Hilda Sewall

ZEDALETHEAN OFFICERS.

Colors, Pink, Blue and Green.

FIRST SEMESTER.

President Harry Girardot
Secretary Glen Myers

SECOND SEMESTER.

President Russell Matson
Secretary Mildred Huffman

THE CICERONIAN SOCIETY.

Although the Ciceronian Society has existed for years, we can claim that it has never seen a more successful year than 1911-1912. The Society was created together with its Zeda sister for the purpose of training the student to be at ease before an audience, and also as a means of entertainment for the student. The undefinable breach that often exists between the Faculty and Student body is also broken down by giving the student a society in which he can feel that his opinion is always respected and that the Faculty is not there to tyrannize over them or to make their knowledge a text-book grind, but to give the student a broad idea of human existence.

SYNOPSIS OF WORK OF 1911-1912..

Sept. 15—The Society met in the assembly room and elected the following officers for the first semester: James Matson, President; Cleo Burns, Vice President; Bernice Becker, Secretary and Treasurer; Troden Bookmiller, Sergeant.

Sept. 19.—Executive Committee met and arranged program to be given October 6.

Oct. 6—The school was called to order by President, and after the inaugural address a fine program was given. This was the first program of the year.

Oct. 23—Executive Board met in Library to make a new program and attend to other matters of business.

Nov. 10—School was called to order by Chairman at usual hour. An interesting afternoon was spent by all. Adjournment followed Critic's report.

Dec. 5—Executive Committee met and arranged for program to be given Dec. 22.

Dec. 22—Meeting was called to order and a unique program was given.

Jan. 18—The Executive Committee met and arranged for a program to be given Feb. 9, 1912.

Jan. 25—The Ciceronian Society met and elected the following new officers: Herman DePew, President; Harley Rohm, Vice President Hilda Sewell, Secretary and Treasurer; Marie Brown, News Reporter, and Arthur Smith, Sergeant.

Jan. 25—The Society met for the purpose of deciding to publish a paper, called the Ripsaw, to be read at every program. They also decided to draw up a constitution.

Feb. 9. The Society met and the Constitution was read and adopted.

Feb. 9. The Society was called to order by the President and an excellent program was delivered, followed by short talks by Civil War veterans who were present.

Feb. 14—Executive Committee met and made out program for March 22.

March 22—School was called to order by the President and an excellent program was given. The comedy, "A Great Pumpkin Case," was given and enjoyed by all. Critic's report. A few minutes of Parliamentary Law drill. Adjournment.

April 1912—The Exexecutive Committee met and arranged for the program to be given May 3, 1912.

On May 3, 1912, the last program of the year was given. The Ciceronians feel proud of their success this year. We have kept up the standard of our work and moved on toward victory.

THE ZEDALETHEAN SOCIETY.

Sept. 15—The Zedalethean Society was called to order by the old President, Glen Overmyer. In accordance with their constitution, nominations for the ensuing term were offered. After a prolonged election, Harry Girardot was chosen President with a staff of eight members, Glen Myers acting as Secretary.

On Oct. 20, their first program was given. It was carried out in perfect order. Mr. Girardot made a pleasing inaugural address and the other members of the section more than came up to expectations. During the following week a Glee Club was organized.

Nov. 29, the second section appeared with a program, which even surpassed the first. It being given on our National holiday, a feeling of Thanksgiving was experienced by all present.

On Jan. 16 the last program for the first semester was rendered, with a manifestation of high spirit. A short scene from Julius Caesar was given, and being something new along that line, was received with great applause. A Society song had been composed for the occasion. It took the Cices by surprise, but they were encouraged by a short talk from Mr. H. C. Willis, of '91.

Jan. 31, 1911, the Zedalethean Society was again called to order to elect officers for the second semester. Russell Matson easily carried the election with Mildred Huffman as his Secretary. The usual number was appointed for his staff and the work moved on without an interruption. The program on March 1 was the best ever given in the High School. A new feeling had developed in the Society, new numbers were produced that never had been thought of. It was a great day for the Society and every one could not help but breathe a word of praise.

The Ciceronians responded well, but this only rekindled the spirit among the Zedas. The work of the Society could not be better; every member has taken his share of the load and carried it with ease. Our aim has been high, yet we believe we have come up to the requirements.



The Society Officers

From left to right—Herman DePew, Hilda Sewell, James Matson, Bernice Becker, Harry Girardot, Glen Meyers, Russell Matson, Mildred Huffman.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

By Herman DePew, '13.

Fellow Members of the Ciceronian Society and Friends: I can only give you my heartfelt thanks for the honor you have given me and I do solemnly affirm that to the best of my ability I will enter upon the work with a determination, and a desire that the Society will be made better.

Remember, friends, that your success in life depends upon you and what you make it. So raise your standard high, be honest, loyal and true to yourself and your Society, and your work will be crowned with success and not failure.

These are my sentiments and society principles. Being elected, I am thankful. If I had not have been I would have thought the same. In my opinion the negligence on the part of members in this Society has reached a crisis, and passed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe that this Society cannot endure with half the members idle and half industrious. I do not expect this Society to be dissolved, but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. Therefore put a few more hours' work on your Society duties and I will assure you that you will get value received.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right," let us continue earnestly the work we are in and thus build an organization that will be cherished as a lasting monument by ourselves and our successors.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

By Russell Matson, '12.

Kind Members of the Zedaethian Literary Society, Members of the Faculty, Friends and Schoolmates:

The office which I now hold was unsolicited by me, but since you have put this trust in me I shall endeavor to perform the duties of this office to the best of my ability, and hope you will ever be ready to assist me.

It is with just diffidence that I relieve the former President, an accomplished and eminent young man, whose name will ever appear conspicuous on the pages of the history of our Society, and in the memory of each of its loyal members.

It is said that the birds of today build their nests the same as they did ten thousand years ago, but this is far from being the case of this Society, our aim being to do something better each day so that our fellow-beings can look upon our work or the fruits of our labor, and say that the world has been made better because of the fact that we have lived upon it.

Yes, dear friends, let it ever be our aim to progress, and our hope that we may impart the same impulse to others, and may this be our motto, "Let us strive in this our humble sphere to shine."

In speaking of progress, I might state a few of the wonderful things that have been performed in the last year or so, and I know of no reason why we should not expect even greater advancement in the future.

Why, we are just beginning to realize that a great number of things can be done with a brain, a will, and a pair of hands. We have scarcely recovered from the astonishing discovery that the horizon is not fixed, we have found out at last that it alone cannot limit our progress, we can crowd and push it back and it will continue to retreat from us as we advance.

This earth belongs to us as fellow-beings and we are allowed to do with it as we wish, restricted in our actions only by the direct mandate of the Creator.

There is practically nothing hopeless or impossible if we are determined and by keeping up this state of mind we may overcome most, if not all, of the obstacles that may be thrown in our way.

We cannot be held in check, we are only walled in by the boundaries of our dreams.

There are no shackles or fetters with which we may be bound, that we cannot, with persistent reasoning and dogged labor, rend asunder. The mind is the birthplace of all our achievements; knowledge cannot be conquered or subdued; it is invincible.

The wings of our imagination can attain to the very heavens. So why should we discount any goal.

It seems to me that we have innumerable examples of persons who have labored persistently, who have sacrificed their time and their enjoyments, yes, and I dare say their lives, that they might accomplish some great end, and to help the generation in which they lived and the generations to come.

There is no greater example of sacrifice than that of our Savior, whose life was given up that we, His children, might be saved.

I need not go many years back, nor is it necessary to go out from this, our beloved land, to get examples of those who showed to us self-sacrifice and persistent effort to do something worth while.

Two of these great and noble men are Washington and Lincoln, who did such service for our country, securing for us the rights which we now so much enjoy.

Although their reward was small while they lived, but they made a name which shall live as long as this nation shall stand and deserving eternal bliss in the hereafter.

Is not that enough of a reward? Is it not worth the price? Ought we not sacrifice as much?

I dare say it is worth the price, and we too can accomplish something, for all have some talents, as the parable in the Bible relates, some have five, some two and others one. It is our duty to develop our talents, and then grasp Opportunity as it knocks at our door.

As I have mentioned opportunity, I believe it would be proper to say a few words concerning it. One great writer wrote the following lines on the subject:

“Master of human destinies am I,
Fame, love and fortune my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk, and penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel, mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock once, unbidden, at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away; it is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state.
Mortals desire and conquer every foe,
Save Death. But those who stop or hesitate
Are condemned to failure and to woe.
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore
I will answer not, and return no more.”

The thought expressed in those lines, it seems to me, would make most of us pause, become disheartened and discouraged, to think that Opportunity knocks but once and if we do not heed we are lost, lost forever.

Of what use would be the remainder of our lives?

But I do not believe that we should take such a pessimistic view. I would rather entertain the thoughts that are expressed in these lines:

“They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in,
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.”

“Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise each soul is born again.”

Dear friends, take these thoughts for what they are worth, and if I have said anything to help you, I shall consider myself well paid.

In closing, I may say that I shall ever rely upon the hearty support of you, fellow-members, to assist me in the discharging of the duties of the important trust which you have confided in me.

AN "ANGEL UNAWARES."

The chill winds of bleak November howled and shrieked dismally; the night would have been as dark as Egypt, but for the snow-covered ground and the white flakes still fast falling. The narrow, winding road was made almost indiscernible by the heaped and drifted snow. All in their sheltering homes thought with pity of anyone whom necessity compelled to be out in the storm that wild, stormy night. Few ventured to leave their friends, for those on the road stopped at the first house they came to and did not attempt to go on, for their "nearest neighbors" were about a mile away.

Alone by the glowing fireside in the prairie home of Henry Winston, the ranchman, sat his only daughter, Iris. She was thinking of her father, who had gone to the city that day, and who even now might be on his way home. "God pity him if he be," fervently exclaimed the girl to herself, as she heaped more fuel on the fire and pulled the window shades more closely. The invalid mother had retired, leaving her daughter alone to keep up the fire and watch for the father's return. Having made the house as secure as possible against the piercing winds, she returned to her seat by the fire and again fell to musing. Earlier in the evening Bob Cameron, on his way home from work on a neighboring ranch, had stopped, as was his wont, to chat a while with Iris. Their meeting had ended in a disagreement, and Bob had departed in anger. It was of all this that Iris was thinking as she sat alone by the fire that night.

Suddenly she heard a stamping of feet on the porch, followed by a rude knock on the door. Iris hesitated about opening the door, but as the knock was soon repeated, she arose and threw it open. The man on the threshold presented an appearance far from being attractive or prepossessing. He was heavy and tall, but seemed old and feeble, as he tremblingly asked for food and lodging for the night. "I am afraid that we cannot accommodate you," said the girl; then seeing the half angry, half disappointed look which came over his face, "however, I will ask my mother," she added. She disappeared in the direction of her mother's room, and the stranger was alone on the steps.

"Mother," she exclaimed excitedly, as she closed the door of her mother's room behind her, "there's a roughest looking man outside; he wants to know whether he may have lodging for the night. I think that as we are alone it would be better to turn him away. What do you say?"

"I think that perhaps it would be better to entertain him; you know that has always been our custom," answered her mother.

"Yes, mother, I know; but he is such a rough, villainous-looking old man, and we are alone. Besides father left quite a sum of money in the house."

"Yes, dear, I know; but, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'"

"Just as you like, mother," reluctantly agreed the girl, "but," she added, "I never heard of an angel that smelled so much like tobacco smoke."

Again opening the door, she told the stranger (not very amiably) that he

might come in. With a rude "growl" he shuffled into the room, removed his hat and without awaiting an invitation, seated himself at the table. "I would like something to eat," he said suddenly. "Well," said Iris, "I like your nerve; however, if you're sure you deserve it, I'll get some supper for you."

The stranger remained silent, and Iris prepared for him a plain but substantial supper, which he "gobbled" in sullen silence. Iris watched the stranger; in the meantime trying to quiet the big Shepherd dog, who, since the arrival of the villainous-looking stranger, had kept up a continuous fierce, low growl, which indicated his dislike for the intruder.

When the man had finished his supper, and Iris had cleared everything away, she told the stranger where his bed would be for the night, and plainly hinted that she would be glad if he would retire. But he replied that as "he wished to see her father, he would just lie down on the couch." After some deliberation the girl agreed, and sat down in the easy chair, to get what sleep she could. She had just fallen into a doze, when she was suddenly awakened, to see bending over her, the wretched ruffian, his right hand raised high as if to strike; gleaming brightly in the upraised hand was a knife. Even at that appalling moment Iris saw that he had thrown off his disguise, and was no longer the feeble, travel-worn, old man, who had asked for shelter, but now appeared in his own person, Burly Bob!

Though much frightened, Iris endeavored to steady her trembling tones, as she asked, "What is it that you want?"

"Hush, girl, silence," came the answer in low tones from the ruffian. "Don't stir, or this knife is buried in your heart." Then, as the girl became quiet in his grasp, he continued (still in a low tone) "Listen, girl, I have heard from trusted persons that at a recent date your father sold a herd of cattle, receiving in payment a large sum of money; now listen, I have heard, too, that he has not yet deposited the money in a place of security. Don't try to fool me, but get the money right now.

"Well," said Iris, in a resigned tone, "it's in mother's room; I must go after it, I suppose."

"Yes, and be quick about it," was his answer. He did not think far enough ahead to know that he would be far safer in accompanying her, and for this she was glad.

She left the room and hurried to her mother's chamber where she hastily found the money and hurriedly thrusting it into her blouse, she returned to the sitting room where Burly Bob was still standing. He held out his hand expectantly, but she only replied that she had gone to her mother's room to get a key, with which to open a secret vault in the wall. Thrusting the key into the lock, she opened the door of a little vault, and, taking therefrom a big bill book, handed it to the outlaw, secretly hoping that he would depart without examining the contents of the wallet. But in this she was disappointed, for, holding the glittering knife between his teeth, he coolly proceeded to open the wallet. When his eye fell upon the contents, which was nothing but paper, his face became black with rage. He looked up in surprise, for the girl had suddenly disappeared, and he immediately remembered to have seen the dog slink from the room some time before; now the suspicion entered his mind that Iris had made her escape, and bounding from the room, he was just in time to see Iris carrying her mother out into the open air. He was about to attempt to

prevent their escape, when, in the darkness, he stumbled and fell. While attempting to arise something hurled itself upon him in the darkness, and he knew that it was the great dog. With a sudden motion he threw the dog from him, and started to run. But misfortunes never come singly, and he was scarcely on his way to escape when he heard voices, very near at hand. While running he could not feel sure of their direction, so he stopped to listen. The voices had stopped.

While listening, a heavy hand was clapped on his shoulder and he was forced to surrender himself to Mr. Winston and Bob Cameron. Seeing that resistance was useless, he allowed them to take him to the house. After he had been bound and gagged, he was guarded by Mr. Winston while Bob Cameron went in search of Iris and her invalid mother. They had gone scarcely a quarter of a mile from the house, for, in her fright, Mrs. Winston was completely overcome and Iris was unable to carry her far without stopping to rest. They were resting when Cameron found them. He relieved the tired girl of her burden, and in silence they all returned to the house.

Mr. Winston reported that the prisoner was asleep and that on the morrow they would take him to the county jail, there to await his trial.

While his wife was telling him all she knew of what occurred, a private conversation was going on between Iris and Bob, the result of which appeared the next day, when, after lodging the prisoner in jail, they visited the office of the county clerk, after which they went to a parsonage, and in a few days there occurred a wedding reception, at the home of Mr. Winston, and the bride, whom everyone was congratulating, was Iris, and the bridegroom was Bob Cameron, famous for the capture of Burly Bob, the outlaw.

VIDA MCGIFFIN, '14.
INEZ CHAPMAN, '14.

A STORY IN RHYME.

A colonial maid down the valley strayed,
Plucking the wood-land violets blue;
'Twas in days of old, when our fathers were bold
And every heart was true.

So the maiden strolled down that path so old,
Wondering, as the day rolled by,
Why no lover her way had chanced to stray,
As strolling, she breathed a sigh.

Her sisters were fair, with a stylish air,
With indifference well-feigned, and minds well trained,
To their artful play, a dazzling gay
Train of suitors they ever retained.

But this shy, young lass, before a glass,
Seemed anything but fair;
For she was tanned, as a southern land,
With ringlets of nut-brown hair.

"They tease and laugh because I'm not half
As fair as my sisters three;
I'll show them some day, even a General may
Perchance be attracted by me."

The words were scarce said till a flash of red
Hailed the approach of an officer gay;
Then the underbrush swayed and into the glade
Stepped a beautiful, prancing bay.

His rider looked fine. "Aha! just in time
To meet this shy country girl;
I'll jolly the child of this virgin wild
And perhaps make her think I'm an Earl."

He followed this course, and reigned in his horse
And dismounted with boyish air;
"Ah there! little girl—oh! my brain's in a whirl,
For I never met lady so fair.

Your eyes are as bright as a beacon light;
Most bewitching are your ringlets:
For you I'd fight with supreme delight,
A whole army of rebels with bayonets."

Now the maid well knew that this was untrue
And for a while did not speak;
Just a faint tinge of red as she lowered her head
With modesty (?) leaped to her cheek.

"If you meant what you said I might be led
To give your words a thought;
But 'tis plain to see that you think me
As easily fettered as not."

"Come! come! my dear, you need not fear
But that my heart is true."
In his boyish glee he waited to see
What the pretty maid would do.

"Aha!" then thinks the little minx
I really must play my part well;
It is quite worth while if I win but a smile,
And I may now, who can tell?"

"You're a little old, and much too bold,"
Said she, "for a girl like me.
And I love another, not a brother,
Who is better far than thee."

"There's another?" gasped he. "Yes, yes," said she.
(His pride had taken a fall.)

"If you do not know, I'll tell you so,
There are more that are brave; that's all."

He looked at her hair, *thought* her cheek was fair,
And he knew that sweet would be
A kiss from her lips, as the nectar Jove sips,
"And win her I must," mused he.

"Let that other fellow go, come marry me, so,
You'll never have aught to regret.
If you'll be the light of my castle bright
Just give me one sweet violet."

She glanced quickly away and sweetly did say,
As she gave him the whole bouquet,
"If you're not afraid," (in her eyes mischief played),
"you may speak to my father today."

MABEL KISER, '15.

“JUST A BIG STORY.”

Oh, what an attraction these delayed days of spring have for some students, especially “the most studious!” The soft, warm breeze has a wonderful effect upon the intellect, not to mention ambition. Our minds are inclined towards sluggishness and our spirits low, as if the weight of the warm sunshine depressed them. The determined mien, once so proudly evidenced, has been sadly stricken with the ravages of the “spring fever.” This “fever” often is creative of a mischievous spirit, and is a very potent incentive toward “grinding” (to use the schoolboy’s phraseology) of a beautiful afternoon now and then.

A few days ago the outside air was so inviting and the sun shone so brightly that it created a temptation which two of the Juniors and a brilliant Senior peremptorily could not resist. (Now don’t you say we told you this) but these “zealots,” following their own inclinations, made themselves absentees from school, boarded a freight train and were carried away at the rate of fifteen miles per hour.

Our brilliant Senior friend, however, was not so fortunate in his attempt to board the moving train, because of the extra repellent force offered him. Truthfully, when our dignified brother had extracted himself from the ditch parallel with the track, the train had passed beyond his range of vision.

Leaving him, disgusted and wrathful, we will shadow the exulting Juniors now many miles to the eastward. Indeed, they seemed triumphant and exultant because of their freedom and the unexpected (but desired) fate of the upper class man.

Onward, through towns and cities, our friends were carried, ever eastward, till the terminal of the division was reached. Here we find them stranded in a large city, friendless, but nevertheless happy. Why should they be otherwise, since this wide, wide world is not a weeping world, but a growing world of pleasure? Pleasure was what they were seeking, and why neglect opportunity to seek it? Perhaps the temperament is chiefly and directly responsible in such cases, if so, the dispositions of the absentees are decidedly not exceptions. Anyway, we do not care to know the cause.

Absolutely friendless, outside of a jovial spirit, we see them directing their steps down one of the main streets of the city. Then into less prominent streets, all the time enjoying themselves immensely. They were growing fatigued, however, with the waning of the afternoon. There was much to see, truly, too much. But fatigue seemed to revive them from some sort of unconsciousness to seriousness. They saw, or realized, how easy they, or any one for that matter, could be lost in such a tide of life as they had witnessed. A thought of home actually entered their pleasure-loving souls, and it caused a hasty retreat to the yards, just before sunset.

Ah! it seems that fortune favored these individuals. A “through freight,” westward bound, was just leaving the yards, and they arrived in time to catch it. Their homeward ride was chilly, but chillier were the wee hours of morning when they reached home.

(The next day at school.) Why did two tired-looking Juniors enter the schoolroom late? We hold it as a rule not to answer a question with such an obvious answer as this.

But these "strollers" looked far worse than tired; they looked conscience-stricken. We could only say why in a skeptical way, so this also we leave to conjecture.

Oh, how many pretenders there are everywhere! Some may give us a convincing enough impression that they are professionals and lead us to think so, but ere they travel far over the rough road of experience many are classed as "tenderfeet."

Moral—There is no place like home, nothing like a good school and teachers, and there is no comparison to a *decent* joy ride "once in a while."

HARRY T. GIRARDOT, '13.

VIRGIL TREESH, '13.

CHRONICLES.

Now it came to pass, as Alfred sat in the schoolhouse, that Alfred said to Henry, the principal, "Lo, I must teach in this old brick schoolhouse, but in the days to come the veil of the future will reveal to us a new building."

Then Henry said unto Alfred, "Do all that is in thy power to get the school board to please our fancy."

And it came to pass the same night that the word of the school board came to Henry, saying :

"Go and tell Alfred and Zeller and the rest," thus saith the school board, "thou shalt not be allowed to hold thy positions if thou makest thy demand upon us too heavy."

And they answered, "We must have more room for the members of the school. Furthermore we say we must have a new building."

Thus shalt thou say unto Alfred: "Thus sayeth the school board, we have made thee Superintendent of this school and have been with thee in all thy troubles and have protected thee from thine enemies and held thee up as an example before men."

"Also, we have builded up a school suitable for Waterloo, wherein children shall be enlightened from the beginning."

"And since the time we asked you to fill the position of Superintendent, we have tried to subdue your enemies. Furthermore, we expect to build for thee a new schoolhouse."

"And it shall come to pass when the days of this school term are expired and thou must take up thy abode elsewhere, we will build you a new schoolhouse and will settle thee in this schoolhouse as Superintendent forever; and thy power will be established here for evermore."

According to all these words and according to all these sayings did Henry speak unto Alfred.

Alfred, the Superintendent, came and stood before the school board and said, "Wherefore, O school board, and what have I said or done that thou hast brought me hitherto?"

"And yet this was a small affair in thine eyes, O school board, for thou hast also spoken of it thus for a great while to come and hast regarded me in the same manner."

"What can I, Alfred, speak more to thee concerning the need of a new schoolhouse? For thou already knowest the need.

"O, school board, for all our sake and according to the belief of thine heart, hast thou done all that thou thinkest necessary and right?

"O, school board, there is no better and no other like thee, according to all that we have heard with our ears.

"And what city on earth is like the city of Waterloo, blessed with a school board which might make itself great by building for us a new and convenient schoolhouse?

"For the people of Waterloo are all very enthusiastic citizens and are desirous of a new schoolhouse.

"Therefore, now, school board, let the thing that thou hast spoken concerning this new schoolhouse be established forever and as thou hast said.

"Let this even be builded that thy name may be glorified forever.

"For thou, O school board, hast told Alfred and Henry and Zeller that thou wilt build them a schoolhouse before another year.

"And now, school board, thou art supreme and hast promised this goodness unto us all.

Now, therefore, let it please you to have it come to pass that ere another year rolls around that we will abide in a new school house; one that, rising up before thee, will be an honor to you, to the town, to the teachers, and to the

W. H. S.

VERNA FISK, '15.

CUPID NEVER FAILS.

It was the time of the year when the birds were singing their sweetest songs and when the prettiest flowers were in bloom; when the crowing chanticleer, the cackling hen, the squealing pigs and the lowing cattle could be heard in the distance from every farmyard. The fruits were just ripening and every peach, apple and cherry had at least one rosy cheek. It was just after one of those lovely April showers and the green grass and leaves were looking their best. The bright sun was slowly sinking behind the tall pine trees which grow in that sunny land, California.

Along the roadside was a young man, probably twenty years of age, slowly walking along with his hands folded behind him and his head bent down. One side of the road was shaded by a woods and purple, yellow and blue violets were seen all over the ground. In fact, hardly a step could be taken without crushing some of the tiny plants to the ground. It was plainly seen that the boy was deep in thought and he seemed to be pleased to be unmolested.

Presently he heard from the woods a cry of "Help! Help!" He stopped, raised his head and gazed round in wonderment. What can it be? Where did it come from?

"Help! Hurry!" was again heard more distressful than ever.

He looked around bewildered and started to run in the direction from which came the cry. He ran about fifty feet and there, to his surprise, was a very beautiful girl, standing with outstretched arms on a stump of an old tree. At her feet was a small basket of violets.

All this he saw in an instant, but could not see what the trouble was, but as he got nearer to her he saw a monster rattlesnake, fully seven feet long, about two feet from her. It lay coiled in the grass, but kept lifting its head higher and higher into the air, with its mouth wide open and running its poison fangs out at her as if it were ready to swallow her if she made any attempt to escape.

Luckily, the boy carried his gun with him, thinking that he might possibly see some game. The snake kept its eyes fast on its prey and did not see that its life was soon to come to an end. The girl made a move to get down, but the snake, lowering its head, was just ready to strike at the girl's face, but the boy raised his gun and in an instant the huge snake fell back on the ground, dead!

Then as the boy assisted the girl from the stump their eyes met and "Mildred Lee."

"Robert Langley," came from the other at the same time.

As they walked along the road together, she explained to him how she had come to gather a few violets for a sick friend and how, as she went to pick a bunch from their stems as she saw the dreadful and poisonous reptile coming toward her, how she screamed and at last how she was saved by one whom she had told she hated. A few minutes of silence and he was asked to forgive her, which, of course, he did very readily. And the last heard of the two was that they were quietly and happily living together and instead of Mildred Lee and Robert Langley, is written Mr. and Mrs. Robert Langley.

MAUDE ZONKER, '15.

THE SPHINX'S EYE.

To those who will praise my imagination, rather than call me a liar, this story is lovingly dedicated.

CHARLES COLBY, Eighth Grade.

I

James Morton, otherwise known as "Jim," glanced at the morning paper. His eye fell upon an advertisement which read as follows: "Wanted—A brave boy." "I'll just answer it, to satisfy my curiosity," said Jim. A few days later a letter came which read: "Have your stuff packed and be at the depot April 14 (1912)." At the depot he was met by a boy about his own age who said: "Are you the boy who answered the advertisement?" Jim replied that he was. The boy bought two tickets to New York and they boarded the train. On the way, Jim found that the boy's name was Frank Colburn and that they were going to Egypt. He would not have gone, but it was too late. In due time they arrived in New York, took passage on a steamer and were off in a few hours.

II.

A few mornings later Frank called out, "Wake up, pard; we are here." They gathered up their baggage and went off the boat into the city of Alexandria. Jim tried to get a view of the city, but could not as his companion hurried him along. They soon arrived at a wharf where a small boat was waiting for them. They went down the river Nile for two days and nights, when on the morning of the third day they turned the boat into a small cove, where they met several white men and several Arabs. They were immediately furnished with high power rifles and revolvers. Then going into a tent, prepared for them,

Jim was told of a hole found in the Sphinx's eye and how no one had dared to go into it until Frank, if some one would go with him, but no one had offered to go.

III.

A rope ladder hung down from one eye of the Sphinx. The two boys climbed the ladder. Jim then tied the rope to a sharp rock, and, finding it safe, they climbed down on the inside. By the light of their flash lights they saw they were in a small room, about three feet square, with no floor except the narrow ledge their feet were on. Jim slid down through the hole until he struck a slanting floor. Frank soon followed, when all at once the rope and ladder came down on their heads. Flashing their lights around they saw they were in a larger room with three doors. On the ceiling was a sword suspended pointing to a door marked X, while a mummified arm pointed to each of the other doors, marked Y and Z. Looking down doors marked Y and Z, they saw nothing but darkness and heard a rumbling noise. On the sill of each door stood a post with a fork on top and a pulley in the fork. Nearby was a bucket. Tying a rope to the bucket they let it down over the pulley, about thirty feet, when it struck water, so they pulled up the bucket. The water was very cold, and, as they were very thirsty, they drank a lot of it. Then they opened the door marked X. What they saw made their eyes bulge out. Each with a yell dashed for it, when, with a crash, both were knocked senseless. When they became conscious each had a very sore head and more prudence.

IV.

The sunlight was streaming in through several crevices and looking ahead they saw a cube of purest glass, about ten feet square. In the center was a diamond of first water, about three inches in diameter in the center and eight inches long. On each side of the cube was what looked like a fountain, but had a peculiar odor. Touching a lighted match to it, it flared up and burned with a brilliant light. They lighted the other torch and by the light saw they were in a room about thirty feet wide and three hundred feet long. All along each side were torches and between each was a chair. Going around on the other side, they saw there were steps leading up to the throne on top of the cube. At the foot of the throne were four crowns, inlaid with diamonds and made of gold. On the seat of the throne was another crown, finer than any of the others and having the finest diamonds in it. Going down the long hall, they lighted all the two hundred torches so that the room was flooded with light. At one was a large pile of dark colored cubes. Feeling over one, Frank pressed a secret button and a lid flew open, exposing the contents, which proved to be canned dates. Tasting them they found them very good. "Well, we've got plenty of provision," said Jim. Going back to the cube, they tried to find a way to get the diamonds out. On the wall was an arrow, carved out of ivory. Feeling around on the wall where it pointed, they tried to press some secret button, but could not find any. Then Jim said: "The Egyptians are just the opposite from us in their ways, so the arrow comes from the button instead of to it." Feeling around behind the arrow they soon found a small push-button. Pressing it, they saw the cube part in the middle and stepping in between the pieces, Frank secured the great diamond.

V.

Then they secured the crowns also, then they discovered beside the wall a

large chest full of manuscripts which they bound up in a bundle. Going down to the other end, they ate a hearty meal of the dates. As they pulled back a few more cubes the sunlight streamed in, and looking out they saw their camp. Frank brought the rope ladder, made it fast and they hurried down. In camp they had been mourned as dead.

VI.

The passage to London was brief and uneventful. They were lucky enough to obtain passage on the new ship, "Titanic." One evening they took up their satchels and went to the prow of the boat. Suddenly it felt as if they had been thrust into a refrigerator and a large object loomed up directly in front of them. There was a crash and they were hurled forward, striking something hard. When they became conscious they found they had both landed in a small pocket in the iceberg. The next day a ship passing by saw their signal of distress and took them on board. They soon arrived in New York, where they sold their jewels and manuscripts at a high price.

JOKES.

Anything found in these pages is a joke, whether there is a point to it or not.—*Editor.*

A new law in Physics: The mark of a pupil on a test varies inversely as the square of the distance from his nearest neighbor.

At a ballgame a boy was struck in the back of the head and the bawl came out of his mouth.

Teacher—What three words are used most in school?

Pupil—I don't know.

Teacher—Correct.

C. Crooks—Heat the place where the rivet goes in, etc.

Prof. Moudy (in Agriculture)—Arthur, did the farmer keep a diary?

Arthur—Yes, forty cows (meaning a dairy).

Miss Snader (in Music)—G, try it.

Miss Dilla—Your Bunyans may come in any time (meaning book reports on Pilgrim's Progress).

C. Crooks (in Physics)—I can't measure this, the metre-stick is too short.

Mr. Moudy (on exam.)—Write all you can and can all you write.

G. O.—What kind of metal is wire made of?

H. F. R.—Too numerous to mention.

Z. A. W. (8th grade History)—Katie, do women want to vote?

Katie L.—No; they want a voter.

Fred B. (after trying to explain a law in Physics)—Oh, you know what I mean.

Charles T.—The blamed tariff was too high.

Look over your lesson, pp. 17-23. And we did.

Charles G. (speaking to his books)—I guess I'll take you home.

Mr. Rumpf (to the Seniors)—"Let me see your knives." (We did.)

Mr. Rumpf—I I lost mine.

Charles T.—Why! You son of a gun!

Mr. Moudy (in Agri.)—In staking off the place for a foundation of house, where would you drive the stakes?

Wm. Day—In the ground.

Mr. Rumpf (in Caesar class)—What happened to these men when they were killed?

Inez C.—They died, of course.

Mr. Rumpf (in Caesar)—Now is the shortest word in the English language.

Harley R.—How is that?

Mr. Rumpf (It doesn't last long).

Mr. Moudy (in Agr.)—The rattlesnake protects itself by biting, and it also rings (rattles) its rattles.

Clarence M. (reading in English class, pronouncing the word picturesque)
—Picture-screw.

Miss Dilla (in Algr.)—Now we will have the problem, No. 16, explained.
Oh, where is it?

Vida B.—Oh! that's mine; it's over on the side board.

Miss Dilla (in Algr.)—Now if you can take care of yourselves a minute, I will put problem No. 34 on the board.

Z. A. W. (in Eng.)—How many feet (meaning groups of syllables) are in the first line?

Wm. D.—There's only about three inches that I can see.

A. L. M. (in Algr.)—How much does a toad eat?

Edward H.—A toad eats and digests its food four times during a night.
(Meaning that it eats four times and digests its food each time in a night.)

Miss Dilla (in Latin)—Can't you spell *high*, Gould?

Gould S.—H-I-G-H. (Supposed to be spelled in Latin, Altus.)

Z. A. W. (in Eng.)—It wasn't public, but everybody knew about it.

H. F. R. (explaining Algr., putting down a cipher)—See, I don't know that much.

H. F. R. (Latin II.)—What is the third finger of the left hand called?

Ruby B. (quickly)—The wedding finger.

H. F. R. (Latin II.)—What do you mean by the senate being put to death?

Emerson W.—Why, they were killed.

Joe O. (in Agri.)—Many bears change color in the Arctic regions as the snow melts and this helps to protect them.

Arthur S.—It isn't the bears, it's the hairs.

H. F. R. (in Algr. I.)—What is a fraction?

A. J.—Part of a hole.

A. L. M.—What is the part of a cow called, the part just back of the sur-loin?

Louise—Rumpf.

Z. A. W. (in Eng.)—Elmer, what picture does the word *joy* bring to your mind?

Elmer—Why—, it brings to my mind a picture of two niggers eating a watermelon.

G. P. D. (in Latin)—Arthur, why isn't the penult of this word long?

Arthur S.—Because it is short.

Miss Snader (discussing a suicide who had hanged herself)—That would be the last thing I would do.

Prof. Moudy—I think so myself.

Lewis Fretz (in Physics)—From the trolley the electricity goes down through where the motorman sets.

Charles T. (in Bookkeeping class)—In cash I haven't got ten dollars enough.

Mr. Moudy (Agr. II.)—Why are potatoes such important vegetables?

Charley G.—'Cause we eat so many.

Charles Colby's essay on The Sun(son)set: A box of tacks were accidentally spilt upon a chair. Son came along and set down. The rest of the words are what he said and are not fit to be written.

This is the way Mr. Willennar stutters on a typewriter: YYouu arrre?,zaw.

Fred B. (trying to give the Pres. oath)—I do solemnly swear that I will execute the president of the United States, etc. (Anarchist?)

James M. (in Physics)—When the light waves come together and collide, etc.

Mr. Willennar (Eng. II.)—Dora, what is the difference between a "cavern" and a "caravan"?

Dora (after a period of thought)—Why—why—a—cavern is a hotel or restaurant—.

ALL SORTS.

CURIOSITIES.

Lewis' hair.
Marion's oratory.
Lester Rempis' "little horse."
Fred's bashfulness.
Clifton's singing. Also Harry's
The Juniors' arm bands.
The Junior boys' propensity for note writing.
The Sophomore girls' capacity for reading them.
The Freshman Banner.

CASES.

Chronic.

Helen Goodwin—Harry Rude.
Mabel Bevier—Lewis Fretz.
Enid Feagler—Harry Girardot.

Convalescent.

Bernice Overmyer—Fred Bowman.
Olga Fiske—Ralph Fickes.
Helen Buck—Glen Myers.

FOR SALE.

Freshman pennant—Would be useful for carpet rags, containing the prominent colors of "Paris green" and "white."
Hard and soft coal—Enquire of Simon.
Swamp land cheap—Enquire of Edna.
Flowers of all kinds, specialty in spring and fall roses—Enquire of Madge.
Dollar watches—Enquire of Marion.
Books and Flour—Enquire of Troden.
Cash drawers—Enquire of the Janitor.

Boyibus kissibus girlibus orum
Girlibus likebus wanta somorum;
Papibus hearibus kissi somorum,
Kickibus boyibus outi de dorum.

Jacobus Horner
Sidebat in corner,
Edens Saturnalicium pie;
Inseruit thumb,
Extraxit plum,
Clamans quam acer puer sum I.

XMAS GIFTS OF THE W. H. S. GIRLS TO THE BOYS,

DECEMBER 23, 1911.

CICERONIAN PROGRAM.

The High School Girls to the High School Boys,
Wish many happy Christmas joys.

Cleo Burns to Marion Ingersoll
Gives the handle of her old parasol.

To Fred Bowman from Bernice O.,
A gentle hint, 'tis time to go.

Troden and Virgil, from Ruby Booth,
Will each receive a decayed tooth.

Simon and Carroll, two little boys,
Are given all of Mildred's toys.

Russell S., from Miss Pauline,
Will surely get some gasoline.

To Clarence Mills, the little sinner,
Janet gives a Xmas dinner.

Inez brings to "Billy" Day
A nice big bunch of clover hay.

To Lester Dull, for his pocket,
Hazel Daniels gives her locket.

To Clifton Crooks, good and true,
Helen Goodwin gives her shoe.

To Harley Rohm, who likes to talk,
Tilda wills a piece of chalk.

To Emerson Walker, who is so simple,
Dora McCullough gives her dimple.

To Gould Stanley, the little saint,
Edna gives her box of paint.

Veda Browns, with golden locks,
Gives to Lynn Reed a rattle box.

From Mabelle Bevier, it is written,
Lewis Fretz will get the mitten.

Madge Rose, just for fun,
Will give James a stick of gum.

To A. J. Moore, may his tribe increase,
Lottie gives a box of grease.

Verna Fiske will give to Arthur Smith
An hour or so of happy bliss.

To Charles Thomas and Russell M.,
Marie gives each a beautiful gem.

Herman DePew, from Vera Crooks
Will get a couple of pleasant looks.

Glen receives from Bernice B.
An invitation to stay to tea.

Olga Fiske, with locks of brown,
Will give Kenneth a calling down.

Vida McGiffin, the bashful girl,
Will give Charley another whirl.

Elmer Fretz, from Helen Rohm,
Shall have a stick of chewing gum.

Virgil Johnson, who trusts to luck,
Will receive a horse-shoe from Helen Buck

To Russell Blanchard, the rebus man,
Maude Zonker will give an old tin can.

Joe Overmyer, if he be good,
Will receive Ethel's winter hood.

To Lester Rempis, the man on the stump,
Maude will give a hasty bump.

The corn on Enids little toe
Will be given to Harry Girardot.

Ralph Fickes, a jolly boy,
Mabel Kiser wishes much joy.

Marie Brown, a little lass,
Gives Ralph Reinhart a railroad pass.

Russell Wittmer, from Vera D.,
Will get a rusty iron key.

Louise will give a wooden pin
To cheerful Glen for his mandolin.

To Miss Dilla, by degrees,
The Sophomores give their Algebras.

Mr. Rumpf, where e'er he'll go,
Will surely find a Cicero.

So a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,
To each and every one that's here.

AUDREY VOGTMAN.

AN EIGHTH GRADE BOY'S DREAM OF WHAT HE WOULD DO IF
SOME ONE SHOULD GIVE HIM \$5,000.

The first thing I did was to faint. The next, when I came to, was to yell so loud that the people thought I was insane and they gave me a padded cell. It only cost three hundred for me to get out. Then for another three hundred I bribed Supt. Moudy not to have any Eighth Grade Commencement. Then I got a buzz wagon. I fell dearly in love with a beautiful girl and she was dearly in love with—my money I had one rival. We settled it this way: She said the one who killed the most in fifty dashes with our buzz wagons she would accept. I bagged twenty people, thirty dogs and countless chickens. My rival only bagged twenty dogs and nineteen people. Well, we got married; she got the rest of my money and eloped with my rival. Thus ends my big blowout and showdown; thus did I sow my wild oats.

THE JUNIORS AND THEIR MAIN OBJECT IN LIFE.

Bernice Becker—To be an old maid.
Ruby Booth—To work Arithmetic problems.
Troden Bookmiller—Martha.
Cleo Burns—To travel in Europe.
Vera Crooks—To be a miller's wife.
Herman DePew—To head the Socialist ticket.
Ralph Fickes—Farming.
Harry Girardot—To be a tutor to the Freshmen.
Edward Hankey—To be a musician.
Mildred Huffman—To be a secretary.
Marion Ingersoll—To hit side door Pullmans.
Martha McEntarfer—Troden.
Bernice Overmyer—A corporal.
Ralph Rinehart—To be a jeweler.
Harley Rohm—Same as Marion.
Madge Rose—To move to Clayton, Ind.
Lester Rempis—To be a village preacher.
Hilda Sewell—To get exemption grades.
Virgil Treesh—To Caesar.
Audrey Vogtman—To keep house.

FAULTS TO BE OVERCOME BY THE SOPHOMORES.

Marie—Puts too much gum in waste basket.
Russell W.—Too much industry, electricity, etc.
Lester—Too much interest in rural affairs.
Inez—Too free in giving her opinion of others (except Charley).
Dora—Too many dimples.
Vida—Too great a love for "Caesar."
Kenneth—Too much inventive genius.
Edna—Comes in late too often from class and intermission.
Glen—Smiling too much at girl across the aisle.
Gould—Too much cackling at nothing.
Emerson—Too serious, too studious, too dignified.
Lynn—Too little regard for his deportment grade.
Pauline—Makes too many vows that she doesn't keep.
Maude—Uses too many by-words, thus breaking that sacred New Year's resolution.
William—Reads too many of the girls' columns in the magazines.
Russell B.—Too foolish in public.
Olga—Too much interest in a Junior boy.
Hazel—Too many smiles at Emerson.
Veda—Ditto.
Janet—Too little love for English.
Charles—Too serious.

THE SOPHOMORES.

	Favorite Flower.	Pastime.	By-word.
Marie Barr	Violet	Walking	Quit it.
Janet Beard	Rose	Being Ernest	Bonehead.
Kenneth Bevier ...	Dandelion	Peeling bark	Aw.
Russell Blanchard..	Sunflower	Sleeping	I got you, Steve.
Veda Browns	Touch-me-not	Reading Caesar ...	Horrors.
Inez Chapman	Lily	Piano	Heavens.
William Day	Pumpkin blossom ..	Reading girls' notes.	Good night.
Lester Dull	Orange blossom ...	Orange eating	Cut it out.
Hazel Daniels	Hyacinth	Chewing gum	Fight.
Olga Fiske	Wild rose	Writing notes	Crab.
Charles George ...	Creeping Charley ..	Using knife and fork.	Gee frost.
Pauline Hankey ...	Johnney-jump-up ..	Buggy riding	Cheese it.
Maude Luttmann ...	Cowslip	Motoring	Has none.
Edna Marsh	Bleeding heart	Singing	Oh, joy!
Dora McCullough .	Clover blossom	Brownie	Oh, hen!
Vida McGiffin	Moss rose	Traveling	Fiddlesticks.
Lynn Reed	Golden rod	Poetry	Dare not print it.
Gould Stanley	Jack-in-the-Pulpit ..	Pauline	Oh!
Emerson Walker ..	Lily-of-the-Valley .	Bicycle riding	No hopes.
Russell Wittmer ...	Tiger lily	Crowing	Pshaw!
Glen Myers	Tulip	Helen	Curses, wretch!

FRESHMAN CHARACTERISTICS.

Joe Overmyer—This is the noblest Roman of them all.

Maude Zonker—Life's dream is over.

Louise Willis—The Goblins'll git ye of you don't watch out.

Mabel Bevier—Oh! love, despatch all business and be gone.

Helen Goodwin—The world is still deceived without ornament.

Virgil Johnson—

Laugh and grow fat;

Grow fat and be laughed at.

Simon Kohl—The greatest things are sometimes done up in the smallest packages.

Mabel Kiser—We mount to the summit round by round.

Lotta McGiffin—She speaks an infinite deal of nothing.

Carroll Gushwa—The wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew.

Helen Rohm—

She looked neither to right nor left,

But directly on her way did go.

Arthur Smith—Let me play the fool.

Enid Feagler—Oh! beware, my lord, of jealousy.

Vera Dilgard—

"Oh, dear," says Vera, "I wish I could be,
Just as slim as a honey bee."

Marie Brown—I am a spirit of no common rate.

Ethel Girardot—She learns with patience and meakness taught.

Verna Fiske—If music be the food of love, play on.

Elmer Fretz—Faint heart never won fair lady.

A. J. Moore—Hear the merry farmer boy.

Helen Buck—Daughter of the gods, divinely fair.

Edith Widdecomb—She hath but lately come among us.

D. L. LEAS

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Shoes

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Think of

Monarch Products
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Come Right to Our
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and Let Us Show You the
Quality of the Brand of
Eatables.

The South Side Grocery

W. F. BOWMAN & SON
Proprietors

Both Phones Waterloo

We furnish homes for newly
weds,

One dresser, one rocker, one
chair, one bed;

And other articles you will ad-
mire;

We'll send them out if you desire.

We earnestly invite you to visit
our store,

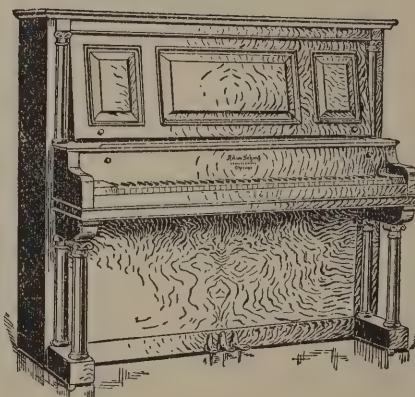
And look our line of furniture
o'er;

First come and see the prices
that win,

Lest you stray around and be
taken in.

Newcomer Furniture Co.

PIANOS



and Other Musical Goods

F. L. MYERS
WATERLOO - - INDIANA

STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS.

CHEERFUL IDIOTS.

Grand Lunatic—Russell Matson.
Chief Cup Bearer—Virgil Treesh.
Asylum Porter—William Day.
Drill Master—Virgil Johnson.
—Charter Members—Joe Overmyer, Charles George, Lynn Reed, Marion Ingersoll, Charles Thomas.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB.

Sprinters—Chapman and Hankey.
Hurdles—Sewell and Overmyer.
Long Runs—Crooks, Vogtman and Huffman.
Bicycles—Browns and Dilgard.

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President—Arthur Smith.
Treasurer—Lewis Fretz.
Secretary—Russell Blanchard.
Mascot—Lynn Imhoff.
Membership still open.

OLD MAIDS.

President—Bernice Becker.
Secretary—Audrey Vogtman.
Committee on Credentials, Hilda Sewell, Vida McGiffin, Verna Fiske.
Chaperone—Miss Dilla.

A PRACTICAL LIBRARY.

Russell Wittmer—Longfellow.
Emerson Walker—Emerson.
Gould Stanley—Stubbs.
Mr. Moudy—Sterne.
For Girls—Lovelace.
For the Farmer—John Hay.
For the Cook—Peele, also Burns.
For the Burglar—Steele.
For Sophomore Girls—Sweet.

WE ARE SEVEN.

I met a pretty Senior boy,
He was seventeen, he said;
His thick, brown hair was pompadoured
And clustered 'round his head.

He had a stylish, jaunty air,
And he was richly clad;
His eyes were brown, and very fair,
His beauty made me glad.

Classmates and chums, my Senior boy;
How many may you be?"
How many? Seven in all," he said
And winking, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
He answered, "Seven are we;
And one at Corunna dwells
And three in the fair countree."

"You say that one at Corunna dwells,
And three in the fair countree;
Yet you are seven!—I pray you tell,
Senior, boy, how may this be."

Then did the Senior boy reply,
Seven chummy boys are we;
Three of us in the city live,
And three in the fair countree."

"How many are you then?" said I,
"If two had gone in '11"
Quick was the Senior boy's reply,
"Oh, Professor, we are seven."

HAZEL DANIELS, '14.

TRI STATE COLLEGES, Angola, Ind.

- (1) College of Liberal Arts, B. S. and A. B.
- (2) College of Engineering, four courses with degrees.
- (3) College of Chemistry and Pharmacy.
Fine courses and degrees.
- (4) State Accredited Normal and Training School, A, B and C.
- (5) Business College open all the time.
We need graduates to fill positions.
- (6) Public School Music.
We want graduates to fill the demand for Supervisors of Music. Art Music, Piano and Voice. Fine courses. May Festival in Spring.
- (7) Public School Drawing.
We want graduates for Supervisors of Public School Drawing. Combined courses in Music and Drawing.

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L. M. SNIFF, President

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sells the

Best Meats
and Groceries

NUF SED

The North Side Market

Waterloo

THIS, the first Annual of the W. H. S., is certainly a credit to the class of 1912. The photographs for the cuts of the class and the groups came from the studio of

The Schermerhorns

7th and Jackson Sts. - Auburn, Ind.

In addition to Photography, they make high grade Enlargements, do fine Framing, first class Finishing for Amateurs, and carry a choice line of Water Colors and Platinums suitable for graduation and wedding presents. They would be pleased to have you call and inspect their display.

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NorthSide Bakery

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**Light Hearts go only
with Shoes that Fit**

We FIT You !!!

Perfection of Style
Superiority of Materials
and Workmanship
Satisfaction Guaranteed

**ROBT. PATTERSON
The Shoeman**

THE SEVEN SENIORS.

All the Seniors are boys
And all of them are loyal and true.
There being seven. First the President,
Planning and plotting to keep us from harm.
Then Mr. Fretz, generally late, with golden hair
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school. And then Charles Thomas,
Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress eyebrow. And then Glen O.
Full of strange oaths and bearded like a pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then Clifton,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. James is the sixth,
With his lean and slipper'd pantaloons,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big, manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. I'm the last of all
That ends this strange, eventful class ;
Sans sense, sans taste, sans fame, sans everything.

RUSSELL M.

CONSOLATION FOR THE SENIORS.

Soon shall you depart
From this old school so dear ;
It may send a throb to the heart,
It may cost a sigh, a tear.

Tho' happy were your High School days,
There's a great work to do ;
Tho' you go your separate ways,
To the High School spirit you will be true.

And you, schoolmates, remaining
Here still, do not begin,
Of your lessons to be complaining ;
Stick to them, you will win.

We part, but not forever,
We'll meet again above ;
For naught but death can sever
Our friendship bound by love.

VIRGIL TREESH, '13.

CALENDAR.



SEPTEMBER.

- Mon., 11.—School opens. Eighth grade and Freshmen get mixed.
Tues., 12.—Program of classes arranged. Only 179 days yet.
Wed., 13.—New program established.
Thur., 14.—Program changed.
Fri., 15.—Everybody happy, nothing to do till Monday.
Mon., 18.—New program.
Tues., 19.—Seniors organize. Herman just returned from Avilla.
Wed., 20.—New program changed.
Thur., 21.—First music class by Miss Snader.
Fri., 22.—Fire drill. New program promised.
Mon., 25.—Opening exercises. New program won't work.
Tues., 26.—Supt. Moudy, after an all-night's vigil, arranges a program that will last forever.
Wed., 27.—Lester Dull gets a sharpening.
Thurs., 28.—Fred Bowman starts down stairs and meets Vera Dilgard coming up. Results: Fire drill. School dismissed for the day.
Fri., 29.—Marion puts gum in the waste basket, by request of Mr. Rumpf.

OCTOBER.

- Mon., 2.—Manual Training classes organize. A. J. Moore pounds his finger.
Tues., 3.—Manual Training teacher saws table legs off three times and yet they were too short.
Wed., 4.—Basket-ball comes and teams organize.
Thurs., 5.—Clifton Crooks goes to sleep, falls out of his seat and wakes up Charley. Why can't people be more careful?
Fri., 6.—Ciceronian programme.
Mon. 9.—Mr. Rumpf has a grouch on, nothing new.
Tues., 10.—Basket-ball game between Seniors and Juniors. The score- Forget it.
Wed., 11.—Lewis F. comes to school on time. What's happened?
Thurs., 12.—Mr. Rumpf—"Mabelle, if all you have to do is to giggle, please leave the room."
Fri., 13.—Smooth sailing, no storm in sight
Mon., 16.—Girls try to organize Basket-ball team.

Geo. W. Crooks

**Attorney and
Counsellor-at-Law**

Gives careful attention
to business entrusted to
him. Practices in all
courts. Counsel Free!
Special Attention Given
to Patent Cases and set-
tling of Estates. ♦♦♦ ♦♦♦ ♦♦♦

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Denison Building **Waterloo**

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**Plumbing and
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Special Attention given to
Steam and Hot Water
Heating of Residences and
Public Buildings.

Good Sanitary Plumbing,
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Electric Wiring—Fixtures
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Staple and Fancy Dry Goods

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For the BEST of
GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE,
CANDIES AND FRUITS

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L. E. Zerkle

Phone 102 - - Waterloo, Ind.

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of LADIES' and GENTS'
GARMENTS

MADE TO MEASURE
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GUY C. MILLER, Prop.
South Main St., Both Phones
Auburn, Ind.

**The Old Reliable
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is where you can get the
BEST BAKED GOODS
in the city; fresh every day

We serve the

BEST ICE CREAM
SODA and SUNDAES

in the city. Come once
and you will come again.

G. J. BECK, Prop.

Phone 13 - - Waterloo

Tues., 17.—Tests.
 Wed., 18.—More Tests.
 Thurs., 19.—Mr. Rumpf gets hair-cut and shave.
 Fri., 19.—Zedaethean programme.
 Mon., 23.—Truant Officer visits school.
 Tues., 24.—Grade cards handed out, all sad.
 Wed. 25.—Furnace has a chill, we have one also.
 Thurs., 26.—Miss Dilla smiles in English IV. Boys reciprocate.
 Fri., 27.—Olga and Ralph forget themselves.
 Mon., 30.—All back, still sleepy.
 Tues., 31.—Hallowe'en!!!!????

NOVEMBER.

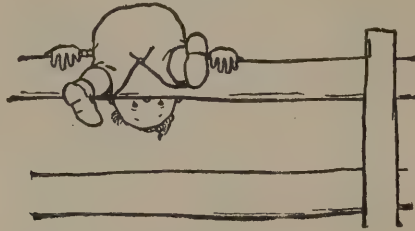


Wed., 1.—Mr. Rumpf tells the Juniors to go home if they want to sleep.
 Thurs., 2.—Herman goes.
 Fri., 3.—All go.
 Mon., 6.—Every one return, still sleepy.
 Tues., 7.—Ruby Booth takes a joy ride down stairs, and loses her slipper.
 Wed., 8.—Election day. Democrat or Republican?
 Thurs., 9.—Nellie Ogle puts her gum in the waste basket.
 Fri., 10.—Ciceronian program.
 SATURDAY, 11.—CYCLONE!!!!!!!
 Mon., 13.—Some High School students not found yet.
 Tues., 14.—Reported that the High School building is twisted.
 Wed., 15.—Inspector comes.
 Thurs., 16.—More inspectors.
 Fri., 17.—Building safe. All happy again.
 Mon., 20.—Juniors sleep while Miss Dilla talks.
 Tues., 21.—Daily advice handed out.
 Wed., 22.—Junior class goes on strike. Love feast after school.
 Thurs., 23.—Mr. Rumpf smiles for the first time. Results: Clock stops. Fred faints.
 Fri., 24.—Mr. Willennar had a slip of the tongue.
 Mon., 27.—Herman DePew returns from Avilla.
 Tues., 28.—School sang Miss Snader's favorite song, "Indiana."
 Wed., 29.—Junior class meeting. Italy goes after her Turkey (news just received).
 Thurs., 30.—THANKSGIVING.

DECEMBER.

- Fri., 1.—Vacation in order. How do you feel? Association at Garrett.
Mon., 4.—All return looking well.
Tues., 5.—Twenty-five days till Christmas.
Wed., 6.—Simon darns his stocking.
Thurs., 7.—We sing. Preparations begin for the Musical.
Fri., 8.—Miss Dilla found five pieces of Longfellow in the Eighth Grade Reader.
We wonder if that is all?
Mon., 9.—Weekly advice by the Superintendent.
Tues., 10.—Russell Shoemaker purchases a new smoke consumer.
Wed., 13.—Seat changing is the order of the day.
Thurs., 14.—More singing.
Fri., 15.—Freshmen write letters to Santa Claus.
Mon., 18.—General excitement.
Tues., 19.—Ditto.
Wed., 20.—Musical at the M. E. Church. Big success.
Thurs., 20.—One day yet.
Fri., 22.—Christmas program. Santa Claus. Vacation.

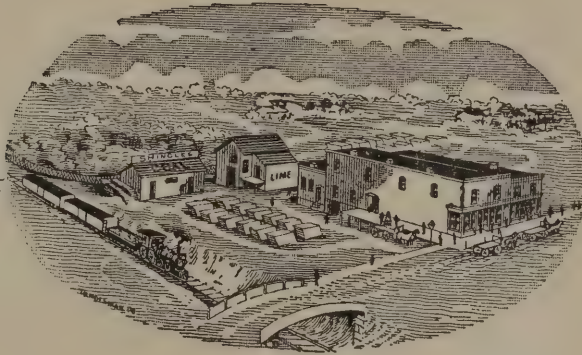
JANUARY.



Good Turn

- Mon., 1.—Resolutions!!!!?????
Tues., 2.—School again.
Wed., 3.—A lecture by the Head.
Thurs., 4.—Music.
Fri., 5.—Week of heavy strain over.
Mon., 8.—Mr. Willennar teaches music. Something grand??
Tues., 9.—Four cases are developed in school. Slush!
Wed., 10.—Another one has appeared.
Thurs., 11.—Clifton fell down stairs. Veda expresses sympathy.
Fri., 12.—Zedaletheans pull off another program.
Mon., 15.—Juniors are all on the dead list. Who cares?
Tues., 16.—Rempis gets a hair-cut.
Wed., 17.—Juniors wear a large smile. What's up?
Thurs., 18.—Smile grows. WE find out.
Fri., 19.—Class fight breaks out.
Mon., 22.—Lecture course number.
Tues., 23.—Veda falls up stair. Clifton to the rescue.
Wed., 24.—Societies elect new officers.
Thurs., 25.—Societies scrap.

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Largest and Most Complete Hardware and Implement Store
in DeKalb County. Meet All Honorable Competition.

MILO J. THOMAS

- - Corunna, Ind.

Fair Treatment
Good Work
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O.K. Barber Shop
Geo. W. Wright, Prop.

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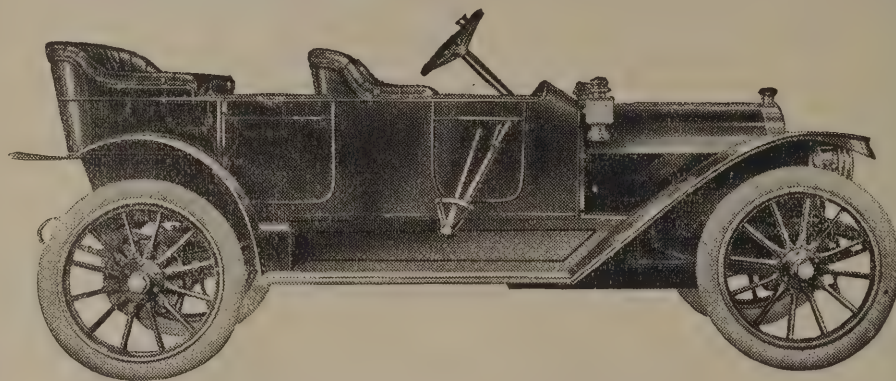
Waterloo, Indiana

L. R. BLOOM
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This 1912 AUBURN "30" \$1100



\$1,100 F. O. B. FACTORY

**Wheel base 112 in. Rutenber Motor. 34-inch Wheels.
Goodrich Tires. Nickel Trimmings.**

No Manufacturer Ever Put Out as Magnificent Value as This Auburn "30"

Judge Values by Comparing Values—that's the quickest way to tell whether or not the car will "stand up" under the claims that are made for it by its seller. We'll admit we're as desirous of selling cars as any one, but we know that something more than mere trade-phrases are necessary to sell cars and make them give the kind of service the owner expects of his car.

So we say: Run this BIG AUBURN "THIRTY" alongside of any car listed at about the same price. Look the two over, notice how much Stronger, Bigger and Better the "AUBURN" looks—and is! See how much Heavier the Construction is. Still it's not too heavy to cause added tire expense—nor too light to "fall to pieces," as is frequently the case with cheaply built, light-weight cars on the market today.

And, you are not asked to pay \$1,500 or \$1,800 for this AUBURN "30" just because some man with "Name" built it—for, what's in a name anyway if the quality is not there to back up that name? Ask any Owner, He'll Tell You Why!

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO.
AUBURN, INDIANA

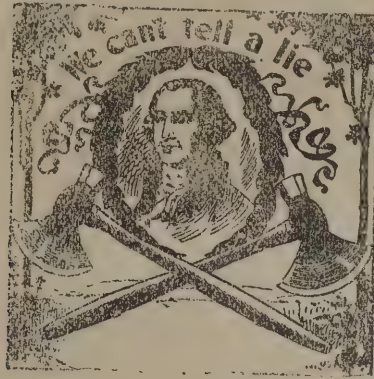
Fri., 26.—Society girls meet.

Mon., 29.—Junior English class scared by an alarm clock. Who said "Bravo?"

Tues., 30.—How it snows!—

Wed., 31.—Seniors have a stag party. They believe that the world goes round and round.

FEBRUARY.



Thurs., 1.—More snow.

Fri., 2.—Groundhog day. Sun shines all day.

Mon., 5.—Miss Dilla wears scarf for the third time this year.

Tues., 6.—Sophomores have picture taken.

Wed., 7.—Junior Ditto. New camera ordered.

Thurs., 8.—They recover from the ordeal.

Fri., 9.—Ciceronian program. Lecture.

Mon., 12.—Blue Monday.

Tues., 13.—Girls' reception to boys. Big time.

Wed., 14.—Everybody sleepy from being up late.

Thurs., 15.—Last number of Lecture Course.

Fri., 16.—Virgil T. goes to sleep and one of his classmates was sent to wake him up. Janet Beard seemed to enjoy a nice slide down several stairsteps.

Mon., 19.—Lewis Fretz and Marion I. are late for once.

Tues., 20.—Marion I. is late again. What's happened?

Wed., 21.—Blizzard!!

Thurs., 22.—Washington's birthday. Snow ten feet deep.

Fri., 23.—Tests galore.

Mon., 26.—Rainy, dreary day.

Tues., 27.—Madge Rose falls down stairs. Speech by Professor Sniff, of Tri-State College.

Wed., 28.—Mr. Rumpf got up wrong this morning; he was rather cranky.

Thurs., 29.—Last day of February. Music by all those that sing.

MARCH.



Fri., 1.—Great Zedalethean program.

Mon., 4.—School continues.

Tues., 5.—School continues.

Wed., 6.—New program. Lewis' horse run away. He walks home.

Thurs., 7.—Horse comes to school, looking for Lewis.

Fri., 8.—Hilda says she saw a robin.

Mon., 11.—Hilda saw another robin.

Tues., 12.—Clean towel in Laboratory. Mr. Rumpf uses it for a mop.

Wed., 13.—Leap Year party at Hazel Daniels'. Mr. Willennar loses his wits.

Thurs., 14.—Gloves, rubbers, sweaters, whips, and blankets lost. Enquire of Lester Rempis.

Fri., 15.—Snow about three feet deep.

Mon., 18.—All happy; nothing doing.

WHO!

Come in and see Motorcycle
Harry and Long Slim

at

M. B.
Restaurant
and Pool Room

For

Candy Cigars and
Tobacco

Turn me up

L. F. GELLER, Prop.
HOTEL GRIFITH
Near by Lake Shore Depot

and Mother is away and no
warm lunch ready when you get
home? Don't despair; let us get
a mother's lunch for you. What,
we can't? Give us a try-out and
see. Yes, you can get Ice Cream
Soft Drinks and Candy here too.
Incidentally when you are telling
Mother of your fine Lunch, you
might mention we have a nice
line of Groceries we would like
her to try.
Yours for a trial at any time.

HUNGRY?

Holy Jumpin' John Rogers

my day's work is done. Now I will go to town; go to

ZONK'S PLACE

and enjoy myself the whole evening playing

CARDS AND POOL

After I have enjoyed a good time I will take

LUNCH

with him. Everybody is used right there. Tell us if
you are not satisfied.

S. J. ZONKER

Espy K. Schurtz, M. D.

Waterloo, Ind.

✱

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C. E. Montavon

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BOOTS and SHOES

Repairing
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All Work
Guaranteed

When You Have

POULTRY

to Sell

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Beyer Bros. Co.

WATERLOO, IND.

=====

Phone 109

Tues., 19.—Agriculture car come. Spring weather.
Wed., 20.—Ciceronian meeting. Russell Blanchard sings a song
Thurs., 21.—First day of Spring. Sled load tonight.
Fri., 22.—Ciceronian program. Verna goes to sleep. Simon wakes her up.
Mon., 25.—Bad day for Department Book.
Tues., 26.—Ditto. Madge gets discouraged.
Wed., 27.—Mildred forgets to whisper. Fire drill.
Thurs., 28.—Senior banner gone. Who?
Fri., 29.—Junior banner gone. Who?



A Lone Senior Just Thinking



APRIL

Mon., 1.—Who fooled you??????

Tues., 2.—April fool's past.

Wed., 3.—Fretz falls from fast freight.

Thurs., 4.—Music. Russell M. is bass.

Fri., 5.—Recess. No whispering* without permission.

Mon., 8.—Eggs, eggs, eggs.

Tues., 9.—Talk from Rev. Ingalls. Mr. Willennar tells Freshmen to let the Sophs. use their rattle.

Wed., 10.—Lewis F. comes to school on time.

Fri., 12.—Zedalethean program.

Mon., 15.—Another six weeks of whispering marks.

Tues., 16.—Spring, Rumpf takes marks.

Wed., 17.—Winter. Book-keepers take vacation.

Thurs., 18.—Freshmen banner soared to the top of the room and anchored.

Fri., 19.—Mr. Moudy tells us to come back on time Monday.

Mon., 22.—Blue Monday. Blues faded as Mr. Willennar appeared.

Tues., 23.—Boys' reception to the girls. Big feed. All pleased.

Wed., 24.—Several Juniors sleepy. Wonder why???

Thurs., 25.—Music of the fairies by the High School.

Fri., 26.—Four more weeks.

Mon., 29.—April showers. Who said flowers?

Tues., 30.—Seniors gay. Juniors have twenty days yet.

Thomas & Son

Hardware
Stoves
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Fence
Lime and
Sulphur
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The Largest Line

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The Best Weekly Paper in DeKalb County,
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===== Use Phone 34 Often =====



- Wed., 1.—The beginning of the end.
 Thur., 2.—Music. Choruses for Commencement organized.
 Fri., 3.—Ciceronian program. Big success.
 Mon., 6.—Opening exercises. Three weeks yet.
 Tues., 7.—Seniors and Eighth Grade drill for exhibit.
 Wed., 8.—The wind blew; some were scared.
 Thur., 9.—Basket-Ball and Tennis the order of the day.
 Fri., 10.—Rosebud goes to press.
 Mon., 13.—Cupid breaks loose in the school room again. After a hard chase he is captured and locked up.
 Tues., 14.—Lester R. breaks down with spring fever.
 Wed., 15.—Tennis.
 Thur., 16.—More Tennis.
 Fri., 17.—Most Tennis. Eighth Grade Commencement.
 Sun., 19.—Baccalaureate.
 Mon., 20.—Examinations. Entertainment of Seniors and Faculty at the home of James and Russell Matson.
 Tues., 21.—Examinations.
 Wed., 22.—Juniors' reception to the Seniors at the home of Troden Bookmiller.
 Thur., 23.—High School Commencement.
 Fri., 24.—Grade cards out for last time this year. All is well that ends well.

WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PAST HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Honorary Members of Waterloo High School Alumni Association.

Superintendents.

Wm. Brown
Frank VanAuken
A. L. Lamport
R. B. Harrison
L. B. Griffin
H. H. Keep
M. D. Smith
W. S. Almond
W. H. Roper
H. A. Brown
A. L. Moudy

Principals.

H. E. Coe
Dr. M. W. Johnston
Mrs. Nora Alleman Briggs.
J. E. Buchanan.
Mrs. Viola Powers Amidon
J. E. Pomeroy
Mrs. Martha Gonser Willis
J. P. Bonnell
M. D. Smith
O. A. Ringwalt
Mary Lepper
Mrs. Ethel Waterman Feagler
A. L. Moudy
H. F. Rumpf

Assistant Principals.

Madge Jackman
Z. A. Willennar
G. Princess Dilla
Anna P. Snader

ROSTER OF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Class of 1879

Emma Waterman Jackman, R. D.,
Waterloo, Ind.
Jennie McClellan Garwood, 383 Sigs-
bee St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Charles McClellan, Grand Rapids,
Mich.

Grace Fenneman Berger, Marshall-
ville, Ohio

Dr. Mel W. Johnston, Garrett, Ind.

Clark A. P. Long, deceased

Edward E. Mitchell, deceased

Class of 1881

Dell Clutter, 718 62d St., Chicago

Class of 1882

Lillian Spencer Brysland, 108 13th
Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Mattie Maxson Smith, Butler, Ind.

Class of 1883

Harriet Dickinson Ettinger, Angola,
Ind.

Jennie Lieb, 1559 Beaubien street,
Detroit, Mich.

Class of 1884.

Emma Fisher McFerrin, 2714 South
3rd street, Louisville, Ky.

Flora Speer Lollar, E. 950 Nora
Ave, Spokane, Wash.

Daniel L. Leas, Waterloo.

Class of 1885.

Ada Williamson Sewell, Waterloo.

Nettie Kelley, deceased.

Solon Woolsey, Hankinson, N. D.

Prof. John O. Snyder, Stanford Uni-
versity, Palo Alto, Calif.

Dr. Henry D. Chamberlain, 1116
Whitney St., Belvidere, Ill.

Class of 1886.

Myrtle Cottrell, Centralia, Wash.

Nannie Leas Worcester, Phillippine
Commission, Manila, P. I.

Gertrude Willis Hornaday, 1419
Newton St., Washington D. C.

Class of 1887.

Abby Sinclair, deceased.

Rev. Richard E. Locke, 1st Presby-
terian Church, Rutherford, N. J.

Errata:—The name of Nellie Bartholomew should be added to the Class of 1911

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for Everything**

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=====J. G. DAY'S=====

Class of 1888.

Cora A. Snyder, Anderson, Ind.
Lida Ettinger Eberly, Fremont,
Ohio.
Nettie Chamberlain Hull, Waterloo.
Dr. Frank F. Fisk, Price, Utah.

Class of 1889.

Bessie Bassett Rummell, R. D.,
Angola, Ind.
Anna Bevier, Auburn, Ind.
Anna Deventer Brodfuehrer, Mason
City, Ia.
Daisy McBride Starr, Indianapolis,
Ind.

Class of 1890.

Alice B. Fisher, deceased.
J. Homer Sigler, Appleton, Minn.
Charles A. Hill, 118 Maywood Ave.,
Peoria, Ill.
Cyrus North, Waterloo.
Dr. Bernard M. Ackman, deceased.

Class of 1891.

Eda Farrington McBride, Waterloo.
Effie Locke Siegfried, 2543 Maple
Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Clara Snyder Rettger, 143 Dwight
St., New Haven, Ct.
Rose Wenrich Judkins, 1023 Lake-
view Ave., Seattle, Wash.
Lizzie Fisher Ulph, 462 Hubbard
Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Nellie J. Carpenter, deceased.
May Davidson.
Lucy Harper Wilkinson, Orland,
Ind.
Alice B. Phillips, Waterloo.
Grace Roby, Ashley, Ind.
Luella Rempis, Waterloo.
H. O. Butler, Geneva, Ind.
Dr. George A. Kennedy, Matthai-
kirch St., No. 4, Berlin, Germany.
Alfred P. Bartholomew, Waterloo.
Herbert C. Willis, Waterloo.
Raymond E. Willis, Angola, Ind.
Edw. W. Koons, Peoria, Ill.

Class of 1892.

Heber Fried, 1412 7th Avenue, Spo-
kane, Wash.
Agnes Maxson, Waterloo.
Edson Beard, Waterloo.

Class of 1893.

Leora Yeagy, Waterloo.
O. B. Arthur, Waterloo.
Dr. J. E. Graham, Auburn, Ind.
J. Lester Till, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
W. B. Hill, Jolley, Ia.
Fred I. Willis, 2516, N. Penn. St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Class of 1894

Buzz Fisher Brown, 93 Station St.,
Ashtabula, O.
Bertha Beard Heffelfinger, 620 Lew-
isville Ave., Highland Park, El Paso,
Texas
Cora M. Hill, Waterloo
Dr. J. P. Feagler, Mishawaka, Ind.
Edw. D. Willis, Angola, Ind.

Class of 1895

Lena A. Rempis, deceased
Wilson H. Denison, Auburn Ind.
Blanche Jackman Shuman, Orlando,
Fla.
Sabina Zerkle Beidler, Waterloo
Lulu Hood, Waterloo
Dr. C. L. Hine, Tuscola, Ill.

Class of 1896

Orpha Kiplinger Ladd Browns,
Waterloo
Maude Lower Becker
Jennie Swartz Fletcher, deceased
Amy Walsworth Champion, 871 Mc-
Kinley Ave., Toledo, O.
Minnie Herzog Huntzinger, 121 N.
West St., Mishawaka, Ind.
Archie Franks, Burkett, Ind.

Class of 1897

Daisy Reed Brown, 327 East Ward
St., Urbana, O.
Madge Jackman, St. Paul, Minn.
Blanche Kelley Leake, St. Louis,
Mo.
Mabel Weidler Bateman, R. D.,
Waterloo
James D. Snyder, Kendallville, Ind.
Olive Rempis Willis, Angola, Ind.
Ethel Waterman Feagler, Misha-
waka, Ind.
Verna Darby Lampland, Cr. Lowell
Obs. Flag Staff, Ariz.
F. Maynard Hine, R. D. 3, Water-
loo
Arthur M Grogg, Waterloo

Class of 1898

Blanche McCague Cox, Waterloo
Edith Powell Blake
Emma Gfeller Leas, Waterloo
Mae Waterman Gengnagel, Butler,
Ind.
Estella Leas Peters, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Blanche Reed Spiker
Meta Welsh Frederick, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1899

Raymond C. Dilgard, Auburn, Ind.
Cora Kepler Fisher, Waterloo
Arthur Bonnell, deceased
Howard Bonnell, 429 W. Pontiac
Street, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Ruth Closson Scoville, deceased
 Nannie Gfeller Parks, Waterloo
 Estella Fulk Clement, Auburn, Ind.
 Lulu Hine Smith, Tuscola, Ill.
 Dana C. Sparks, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1900

Madge Haskin Whitford
 Earl D. Leas, Waterloo
 Frank B. Willis, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Jay F. Shull
 Delia Kiplinger Hine, Tuscola, Ill.
 Mollie Farrington Shull
 Bertha Bemenderfer, Waterloo
 Earle Daniels Fretz, 203 S. Ohio
 Ave., Sidney, O.
 Orpha Goodwin Opdycke, Waterloo
 Dora Willis Dilts, Waterloo

Class of 1901

Maude Skelly Wright, Lynn, Ind.
 Winfred T. Keep, Butler, Ind.
 Grace Saltsman Meyer, Waterloo
 Gertrude Wilhelm, Waterloo
 Maude S. Gilbert, Waterloo
 Myrtle Showalter, Waterloo
 Tesse Lowenstein Selig, Ligonier,
 Ind.
 Mabel Daniels Waterman, Hudson,
 Ind.
 Leroy Waterman, Hudson, Ind.
 Clarke Williamson, Waterloo

Class of 1902

Byrde Kepler Haverstock, Butler,
 Ind.
 Lurah Armstrong Betz, Catbalogan,
 Samar Is., P. I.
 Keturah Armstrong Delong
 Lena Knott Haynes, Garrett, Ind.
 Ray Bartholomew, LaPorte, Ind.
 Melvin VanVorhies, Kendallville,
 Ind.
 Vera Bemenderfer Rufner, 1225
 Pleasant Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
 Pearle Wittmer, Waterloo
 Otto Waterman
 Frank George, Waterloo

Class of 1903

Ernest Kohl, Toledo, Ohio
 Sherman Kimmell, Auburn, Ind.
 Orpha McEnderfer Meyer, Waterloo
 Merritt Matson, Waterloo
 Isabelle Booth Elder, 3144 Thomp-
 son Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Class of 1904

Minnie Rufner George, Waterloo
 Hattie Saltsman, Auburn, Ind.
 James Almond, Highland Park, Ill.
 Josephine Willis, Waterloo
 Grace Braun, Waterloo
 Edna Denison, Waterloo

Class of 1906

Alta Clement Fee, Waterloo
 Mae McIntosh, Waterloo
 Cyrille Beck Wilson, Waterloo
 Edna Goodwin White, Waterloo
 Lana Braun Beechler, Garrett, Ind.
 Estelle Goodwin, Corunna, Ind.
 Owen W. Bangs, Corunna, Ind.

Class of 1907

Mildred Bowman Grogg, Waterloo
 Etta Wittmer, Waterloo
 Bess Showalter, Waterloo
 Nannie Bemenderfer Boyle, Shel-
 ton, Conn.
 Nellie Flack, South Bend, Ind.
 Ethel Murray, Leesburg, Ind.
 Harry Bowman, Harvard, Ill.
 Freda Saxen, 338 Madison Street,
 Fort Wayne, Ind.

Class of 1908

Lulu Knisely, deceased
 Maude Kennedy, Butler, Ind.
 Edna McIntosh, Waterloo
 Fearne Leas, Waterloo
 Ralph Getts, Corunna, Ind.
 Hortence Meek Hood, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1909

Lottie Miles, Corunna, Ind.
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 Mabel Booth, Waterloo
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 Cordis Hallett, Waterloo
 Clarence Rempis, Waterloo
 Nellie Goodwin, Waterloo
 Ruby Hartman, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1910

Beulah Bookmiller, Waterloo
 Mabel Deubner, Waterloo
 Helen Shull, Waterloo
 Mildred Sinclair, Hutchinson, Kan.
 Grace Seery, Waterloo
 Carl W. Strow, Bloomington, Ind.
 Blanche Smith, Butler, Ind.

Class of 1911

Additions to class of 1911 omitted by
 error:

Nellie Bartholomew
 Martha Goodwin

Class of 1912

Russell Matson, Waterloo, Ind.
 James Matson, Waterloo, Ind.
 Lewis H. Fretz, Auburn, Ind.
 Charles Thomas, Corunna, Ind.
 Fred Bowman, Waterloo, Ind.
 Glen Overmyer, Waterloo, Ind.
 Clifton Crooks, Waterloo, Ind.

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 Myrtle Showalter, Waterloo
 Tesse Lowenstein Selig, Ligonier,
 Ind.
 Mabel Daniels Waterman, Hudson,
 Ind.
 Leroy Waterman, Hudson, Ind.
 Clarke Williamson, Waterloo

Class of 1902

Byrdo Kepler Haverst, Butler,
 Ind.
 Lurah Armstrong, Logan,
 Samar Is., P. I.
 Keturah Arms
 Lena Knott
 Ray Bartholo
 Melvin VanV
 Ind.
 Vera Bemenderfe
 Pleasant Ave., Indiana
 Pearle Wittmer, Water
 Otto Waterman
 Frank George, Waterloo

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 Mabel Deubner, Waterloo
 Helen Shull, Waterloo
 Mildred Sinclair, Hutchinson, Kan.
 Grace Seery, Waterloo
 Carl W. Strow, Bloomington, Ind.
 Blanche Smith, Butler, Ind.

Class of 1911

Paul Bowman, Waterloo, Ind.
 Harriet Seery, Waterloo, Ind.
 James Hankey, Waterloo, Ind.
 Hilda Beck, Waterloo, Ind.
 Edna Broughton, Waterloo, Ind.
 Ralph Browns, Waterloo, Ind.
 Helen Stanley, Waterloo, Ind.

Class of 1912.

Russell Matson, Waterloo, Ind.
 James Matson, Waterloo, Ind.
 Lewis H. Fretz, Auburn, Ind.
 Charles Thomas, Corunna, Ind.
 Fred Bowman, Waterloo, Ind.
 Glen Overmyer, Waterloo, Ind.
 Clifton Crooks, Waterloo, Ind.

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